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Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Feb. 9th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Feb. 17th, 1900. For full particulars see page 536.

No. 500.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

The March of the Volunteers.*

We are marching, marching, marching,
From the bench and from the store,
We are marching, marching, marching,
We are marching to the war.
We have left our work behind us,
For the task that's come to hand,
And in Africa you'll find us,
Fighting strong for Mother-land.

So cock your chins in the air, my lads,
So cock your chins in the air,
They've quite forgot we're of the lot
That's had no praise nor care;
And step it out with the best, my lads,
And step it out with the best,
The Volunteers, with the Grenadiers,
And the Fusiliers and the rest.

We are marching, marching, marching,
From the busy scenes of work,
We are marching, marching, marching,
To the duty none may shirk.
We were cramped and we were aching,
As we plied the tool or pen,
We were longing to be taking
Up the burden of free men.

So it's rough and ready from now, my lads,
It's rough and ready from now;
So long's you shoot and come to s'lute,
You can swear from when to how,
So line up there with the best, my lads,
Come, line up there with the best,
The Volunteers, with the Grenadiers,
And the Fusiliers and the rest.

We are marching, marching, marching,
To the hills that hide the foe,
We are marching, marching, marching,
And the nations watch us go.
We were craving, we were waiting,
And for long they let us fret,
Now we'll prove a British trader,
Is a British soldier yet.

We'll fight as others have fought, my lads,
We'll fight as others have fought;
There's more behind whom they can find,
All ready when they're sought,
So rush to the front with the best, my lads,
Right up in the front with the best,
The Volunteers, with the Grenadiers,
And the Fusiliers and the rest.

* From John le Breton's book of military verse: "Come, Follow the Drum."

The Trouble with the Horse.

At a recent horse race in Cape Town, the sun blazed down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, waiting till the eccentricities of the starter and an even more eccentric horse should combine to get them in line. The patience of the former was at last exhausted.

"Bring up that horse! Come up on that beast! You'll get into trouble over this, I tell you!" and so forth.

"I can't help it, sir," replied the jockey impatiently; "this is a cab'orze, this 'orze is. He won't start till the door shuts, and—I haven't got a door!"

Misunderstood.

A GENIAL cleric, walking through Glasgow, saw an old Highlander who watched the tramcars with some perplexity, as though in doubt which car he should travel by. Anxious to aid a stranger in distress, he crossed over to him and said:

"My friend, I see you are in some perplexity. Can I assist you? Would you like to take a tram?" The Highlander's face beamed with delight, as he cheerfully responded:

"Aye, aye, sir, and it's varry gude o' you. We'll juist gang across to that boose for it. I tried it myself the day, an' it's right gude stuff they keep!"

[All rights reserved.]

JENKS: "Hello, Jinks, how is your cold?"
JINKS (hoarsely): "Which one?"

"DID you notice how the audience wept at that death scene of mine?" asked Barnstormer.
"Yes; they knew you still lived," answered his rival, Hamfatter.

LITTLE three-year-old Flossie saw a man walking along the street with his arm in a sling.
"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there goes a man with his arm in a hammock."

FIRST COOK: "How do you like your new place?"
Second Cook: "Not much. The policeman on the beat is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and a married man, and you can't get a word out of him."

HEWITT: "I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday, and I don't see how you could laugh at the old stories that Gruet was telling."
Jewitt: "He was paying for the dinner."

"I SAY, pa, did you ever have another wife besides ma?"
"No, Willie. But why do you ask?"
"The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1887."

"WILKS is a most absurd somnambulist."
"What's he done now?"
"He's just come back from a yachting holiday, you know, and last night he sat down in a bath, and bailed it out until he flooded the whole floor."

"PAPA, what is a broker?"
"A man, my son, whose chief effort in life is to reduce his customers to that financial condition expressed by the significant term of 'broke.' For this reason, Harry, he is called a broker."

CUSTOMER: "You seem to have a bad cold."
Milkman: "Yes. I was tramping about all through the storm of yesterday, and I find that these boots you sold me are not waterproof."
Customer: "Neither is your milk."

"I WISH we was all in Kimberley," said little Willie.
"Why?" his mamma asked.
"I heard pa reading last night that bread cost nearly two shillings a loaf there, so I 'speaks they wouldn't try to keep anyone from filling up with cake."

"WOULD you wed a man of muscle or a man of brains?"
"Well, it would be difficult to decide. A man of muscle could eat up a beefsteak, but a man of brains could solve where the beefsteak was to come from."

BIGSON: "I once possessed a splendid dog who could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person."

Jigson: "Well, what's become of him?"
Bigson: "Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

"D'YOU want to raise the wind, Smith?"
"Should think I do!"

"Well, go round to old Goldust's and pop the question to his daughter. It's the only thing you've got to pop, but, you bet, you'll raise the wind when the old man hears of it."

A LAWYER walked down the street recently with his length of arms taxed to hold a lot of law books. Pointing at the books, a friend said:

"Why, I thought you carried all that stuff in your head?"

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."

A TALE OF
THE FIGHT
FOR AFRICA.



By
GEORGE
GRIFFITH.

WILL COMMENCE IN . . .

SHORT STORIES

. . . DATED FEBRUARY 24TH.

For Further Particulars see Next Week.

A Singular Coincidence.

A RATHER mean advantage was taken of a well-known young society lady the other day. It was on a tram-car, and the lady in question had encountered on the car a friend, who was accompanied by a child, an especial pet of hers.

When she came to the street at which she usually descends, the conductor brought the car to a stop, but not before every man on the car had noticed her and decided that she was a "nice girl."

As she stepped lightly off the car she kissed her hand airily to the child in token of farewell, and every solitary man on that horrid car smiled a catlike smile and raised his hat in response.

"I never heard of such a thing before," said she, in relating the story afterwards. "What could have possessed them all to do so at the same time? It was such a singular coincidence."

Why He Did Not Shiver.

A RATHER amusing dialogue which took place between a former Governor-General of Canada and an Indian aptly illustrates the red man's wit.

His Excellency, while enjoying a drive in the keen, frosty air, chanced to meet an Indian who was, as usual, very lightly clad. From mere curiosity, he stopped the sleigh when opposite the Indian, and asked him how it was he could withstand the cold under so light a covering. The Indian, without a moment's hesitation, answered by asking:

"How your face not cold?"

Thereupon His Excellency laboriously proceeded to explain in his simplest English how it was that, the skin of his face having been exposed to the weather always, it naturally had hardened. The Indian awaited the conclusion of the dissertation with stoical patience; then, with an utterly expressionless countenance, he said: "Me all face," and went his way.

A "Practical" Joke.

AN Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near; then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901.

IF ITS IN P.W. ITS SO.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SPY.

BY DEREK VANE.

Author of the "Three Daughters of Night," &c.

I.—THE MARBLE STATUE.

THE profession of a spy is not, perhaps, one to be adopted from choice, but it has its advantages. I am a woman, young, good-looking, and well educated, but these qualities in the ordinary course would earn me but a scanty livelihood. In the career I have chosen they are liberally rewarded. True, the profession has its difficulties and dangers, but to a woman who scarcely knows what "nerves" mean, and who enjoys matching her wits against the first brains in Europe, this does not greatly signify. The name has an unpleasant sound, but, after all, a spy serves her country as well as herself, and in the present state of civilisation is a necessary evil.

I had been resting for a week or two when the Chief sent for me one morning, and I was conducted to his presence by the usual trusty messenger. My occupation and appearance were kept a complete secret. This was absolutely necessary for my own safety as well as for the success of my work.

"Can you start to-night for Wiesbaden?" he said after a short "Good-morning."

The Chief never wasted much time in words, and he expected his staff to be as brief and explicit as himself. So I merely answered: "Yes."

"It has come to my knowledge that a secret meeting of considerable political importance is to be held there in the course of a few days at the Greek chapel. I must know what takes place. Do you think you can manage it? I warn you that the conspirators are men who will hesitate at nothing, and whose social standing is high enough for them to risk any consequences. In short, you will carry your life in your hand."

"Can you give me any particulars?" I asked.

"There will not be more than half-a-dozen men, I should say, and they will be French and Russians. You know Wiesbaden is very cosmopolitan, and frequented by visitors of the highest rank, so that the presence in the town of one or two well-known persons will attract no attention. But the matter they wish to discuss is far too dangerous to be mooted under ordinary surroundings, so they are to meet at midnight in the chapel, the priest in charge admitting them, and there they will consider themselves perfectly safe, and will speak out freely. It is a chance not to be lost."

"You shall have a report of the meeting if I live till it is over," I said boldly.

I was a little dismayed at the prospect before me. I saw that my mission would be one of unusual danger and delicacy, but the chief liked courage and decision, and I valued a glance of approval from his cold grey eyes more even than the most liberal reward. My heart was in my work, and that, no doubt, helped to explain the gratifying measure of success I had had hitherto. The chief was a born leader of men, a hard taskmaster, but inflexibly just, full of the power and strength that fascinates even while it overawes. I felt flattered that he should think me worthy of such a difficult commission.

I put up at a quiet little hotel at Wiesbaden, the Golden Key. It was close to the Colonnade, where everyone met in the morning to drink the waters or gossip. The window of my room overlooked the counter to which the little tumblers were brought to be filled with the unsavoury-looking fluid. This was a distinct advantage, as I could observe the crowd without being seen myself.

I wished to keep as much out of notice as possible, so I breakfasted in my own room, and then sat down at the window behind the muslin curtain to watch and think. I had breakfasted lightly, for when I want my brain to be at its keenest I find it best to partake sparingly of both food and exercise, but I am always most particular about the quality of my tea. I take care that it is as good as money can buy, and I make it myself. Tea is the best brain clearer I know.

A faint flowery odour still pervaded my room, arising from the little teapot, as I took up my position, on the alert for the slightest sign that could help me. The conspirators were sure to join in the morning promenade—every visitor to Wiesbaden did. I wondered whether I could pick one of the gentlemen out of the crowd. Fortunately it was nearly the end of the summer season, and the town was getting unpleasantly hot, so that the number of promenaders was comparatively small.

It was a case in which chance—I am too much a soldier of fortune not to believe in luck—must show me the first step. I had formed no plans. I wanted to start with my mind perfectly clear.

There was the usual crowd at the Brunnen, to be seen at every fashionable continental watering-place—the dyed and painted old men and women, sprigs of nobility from every nation, fresh, laughing English girls, almost oppressively suggestive of health and energy, staring about them without reserve.

The promenade was already clearing when I saw a man come up to the counter carrying an exquisite little tumbler in a jewelled case. Some of these tumblers were quite works of art. His glass was filled, but instead of turning away to sip the water as he strolled up and down, as was the usual custom, he waited a minute. I suppose it was this waiting that arrested my attention. I could not afford to disregard any trifle. He was a tall, thin man, some fifty years of age I should say, though he was extremely well preserved. He was perfectly dressed and valeted; not a hair was out of place. The face was Asiatic rather than European; the eyes were narrow, the expression inscrutable. It had the weary, lifeless look of a Russian aristocrat. I had seen the type before.

As he stood there another man came up to the counter for his draught of water. A Frenchman, this, I decided without

a moment's hesitation. The French figure after forty is not easily mistaken, and this man's look and gestures betrayed the Parisian. He raised his glass, took a sip, and put it down again on the counter. This he repeated four times while I watched him, wondering whether the water was too hot to drink or to hold the glass for more than a moment.

The Russian was leaning with his back to the table, idly watching the crowd, and took no notice of his neighbour. When the glass had been put down for the fourth time, the Frenchman emptied it at a draught, and went away. The Russian strolled up and down the Colonnade for a little while, and then he also took his departure.

These men were the only two who arrested my attention for a moment, and there had been nothing in their behaviour to excite suspicion. It is wise not to neglect trifles, but my experience has taught me what unreliable data they furnish.

After lunch I decided to inspect the Greek chapel, which was to be the scene of operations. At another time I should have enjoyed the drive along the handsome Wilhelmstrasse and the leisurely climb up the hill to the woods, where the chapel stood embowered in trees; but to-day my thoughts were too busy.

I dismissed the carriage at the beginning of the wood, telling the coachman to await my return, and then I strolled slowly on. The little chapel, all white and gold, stood in solitary loveliness, the woods closing it round on every side, truly an excellent place for a secret rendezvous. It was one of the sights of the town, so I knew my visit would excite no attention. As I opened the door the custodian was showing a little party round.

It was exquisite in every detail, a worthy monument to the lovely Grand Duchess, to whose memory it is dedicated. I wandered about by myself; I did not wish to listen to the guide's glib chatter. My mind was busy wondering how I should make my way in here at midnight, and where I could hide even if I succeeded in gaining an entrance. The chapel was small, and the whole of it lay open to the eye.

I walked round, carefully examining every monument and object of interest to give myself time, looking in vain for a place of concealment. I was standing by a lovely group of statuary placed in an alcove, and, absorbed in thought, I unconsciously leant heavily against the head of the recumbent figure, which was guarded by an angel on either side. I was startled to feel it shift slightly, and looking closer I saw that the figure was made separately, and could be moved. It represented a young woman wrapped in a long flowing robe, her arms crossed on her breast.

As I gazed down mechanically an inspiration flashed through me, so wild and daring that I held my breath. Why should not the figure be removed and I take its place?

It was a desperate idea, no doubt, but then the situation was desperate. It must be taken by a bold stroke, or not at all. I thoroughly understood the art of "making up," which in my profession was absolutely necessary, and I had been on watch too often not to have every nerve and muscle under perfect control. I knew I could personate that marble figure so as to deceive everything—except touch; and, as the monument stood in a recess and the figure was shielded on either side, I ought to be safe from that. The chief difficulty was to get the statue removed and to put myself in its place.

On my way back to the hotel I bought several photographs of the Greek chapel, including a large one of the group of statuary in which I was particularly interested. Arrived in my own room I rang for a directory, and, after taking down two or three addresses, I went out again. Though I was completely ignorant as to which night had been fixed for the eventful meeting, I knew there was no time to be lost; the chief had said it would take place soon. Of course, it might be fixed for that same night, in which case I could do nothing, but my sudden inspiration had given me fresh hope, and I would not think of failure.

After interviewing one or two people, I had myself driven to a poor quarter of the town where lived a young sculptor, whose work had attracted attention at the local school of art, but who possessed neither money nor influence to make his talent known. He was an Italian, I heard, and was very ambitious. I hoped that he would serve my purpose for a consideration. I had an almost unlimited purse at my command.

My hopes were not disappointed. It was a delicate negotiation, but I carried it through successfully. Poverty and ambition make malleable tools as a rule. My accomplice undertook to hold himself in readiness to remove the statue any night I named and to assist me to take its place successfully. He was also to replace the statue after the meeting.

Having been fortunate so far I was naturally very anxious to discover the fateful hour. Here I was completely at a loss. I had nothing whatever to guide me, and yet all my elaborate plans would be in vain without this knowledge. I thought over it until long into the night, and went to sleep to dream that I was on the track of something that always eluded me. I awoke unrefreshed in the morning and sat down at my place of observation in the window with a feeling of despair. The time was so short, and I must have at least an hour's notice to carry out my scheme. It would be of no use to set a watch on the chapel, for when the conspirators went in it would be too late for me.

Mechanically I watched the crowd, as I had done the previous morning. Again I saw the Russian and the Frenchman; again they happened to be at the marble-topped counter at the same time; and, which struck me as a little curious, the Frenchman drank his glass of water in the same way as he had done the day before, that is to say, he sipped at it slowly, putting the glass down each time after he had raised it to his lips. But there was this little difference. Whereas yesterday he had put his glass down four times while drinking, to-day he only put it three.

I knew that to lose hope has a very unfavourable effect, so I busied myself all day with my preparations and rehearsed the part of the statue in my accomplice's studio until every detail was perfect. It would not take me more than ten minutes to get into position when the time came.

The Italian had obtained a key to open a little side door in the chapel, which was evidently seldom used, as it was overgrown with weeds. Fortunately it was close to the group of statuary, and, with my assistance, he would be able to drag the marble figure outside and conceal it in the darkness among the bracken and brambles until the meeting was over.

That night I went to bed thoroughly exhausted and slept soundly. The next morning I took up my usual post, telling myself that I must do something to-day whatever risk I ran. I could not afford to wait any longer. As I looked out of the window, searching for the slightest clue to help me, my Russian friend strolled up to the counter, and the Frenchman followed not long afterwards. This was the third time this had occurred. It could not be quite accidental, and yet they appeared to be perfect strangers to each other; they never even exchanged a glance.

I watched them closely, and noticed that this morning the Frenchman only replaced his glass twice on the counter before emptying it, and it seemed to me that there was something emphatic in his action. Could it mean anything? Four—three—two. Slowly my brain wandered round and round the numbers. Then I started up with a little cry. Was it possible that he had adopted this method of communicating the eventful night to his confederates? That every morning he came to give them information in this way so that in case of alteration they could be made acquainted with it without the risk of a word? It was an original idea at least, and I was determined to see whether there was anything in it.

Wrapping myself up in a shabby dust-cloak, and, putting on a thick gauze veil, I slipped quietly out of the hotel and went to the Brunnen for a glass of water. I mingled with the crowd until the Russian took his departure, when I followed him at a little distance. I saw him enter his hotel, and then I sat down in the Kurpark Gardens until I thought it safe to make an inquiry of the porter. I invented some specious excuse, and discovered that the man I had followed was no less a personage than Prince Borsu, a born schemer, who was labelled "dangerous" at every Court in Europe.

That decided me. The veriest trifle assumed importance when connected with his name. His proximity to the Frenchman was not accidental, and he waited for him every morning to learn something. As I was positive that not a word had been spoken, or even any written communication exchanged, it followed that the information imparted—and I was sure now that there was a tie between the two men—must have been by signs. The glass rung sharply twice on the marble top meant that there were only two days longer to wait. To-morrow night was the night of the meeting.

I was perfectly convinced that I had hit on the right explanation, but I would take no steps until after the next morning. If to-morrow the glass was only set down once on the counter my theory would have received the strongest confirmation. When the time arrived I took my accustomed seat with an unwonted thrill of excitement, so much hung in the balance. The two men drifted together in a casual way as usual. I watched the Frenchman take up his glass and set it down once sharply. I waited an instant with suspended breath; the glass was emptied and was not replaced. Almost immediately he went away.

I gave a long sigh of relief. I saw success within my reach unless I betrayed myself. I went to see my assistant, told him to be in the woods outside the chapel at ten o'clock that night, and then I lay down and rested for the remainder of the day. My mind was comparatively tranquil, the suspense of uncertainty was over. Face to face with the critical moment I am always at my best.

At ten o'clock the woods were, of course, quite deserted, and, after listening carefully, my companion produced his pass-key, and we crept softly into the chapel. Listening again, and hearing no sound, a match was struck, and the lantern lit. After a quick glance round we saw that we were alone in the building. We had, no doubt, a good hour at our disposal, but the sooner everything was arranged the better.

It was not an easy task to move the heavy marble figure, but we got it outside at last, and covered it over with my black cloak. My companion was to keep watch by it until the conspirators had dispersed. Crouching in the thick undergrowth there was little danger of his being seen. Should I be discovered I told him to save himself; there was no sense in two lives being sacrificed.

Now I stretched myself out on the marble tomb, and the Italian arranged my heavy white draperies about me in artistic folds. Fortunately the head of the statue was draped, so that my hair and face were half concealed. In the shadow of the recess, sheltered by the bending angel, I told myself I had little to fear. Besides, who would dream of finding a hidden witness in a group of statuary?

I dismissed my assistant. He went out, locking the door, and I was left in darkness and loneliness. Presently, athwart the blackness, I saw faint, ghostly shadows, the cold white marble of a tomb, I told myself. But it tried even my nerves to lie there in the silence of the night surrounded by the dead.

I shut my eyes and tried not to think. I dared not move, though already the chill of the stone was making itself felt even through my heavy robe; though my blood congealed and every limb grew numb and useless I must not stir an inch. How long I had lain there I do not know when the great door slowly opened and someone came in. I kept my eyes closed and held my breath. One man might hear in the deathly silence what would be imperceptible to half-a-dozen.

He struck a match and lit a cluster of candles. Fortunately the light did not illuminate my recess. I raised my lids cautiously and saw that it was a priest. The conspirators would be here directly then. He had not long to wait; there was the faintest tap on the door, the priest hastened to open it, and a little party of men came in, treading softly and speaking not a word. Among them, as I expected, were the Russian and the Frenchman of the Colonnade. When the door was closed again and securely

locked the men threw aside their wraps, and the Russian, who seemed to take the lead, said:
"We are quite safe here, Father?"
"Quite safe," replied the priest with a deep obeisance.
Then they lost no more time. The scheme they had met to discuss was a monstrous one, but I am not at liberty to enter into any details. I thought the Chief would be more than satisfied with the information I had to give him. As they talked I grew more confident, and being anxious, if possible, to see their faces I turned my head slightly and looked round; but most of them had their backs to me and I saw very little. As I moved my head slowly round to its old position I happened to glance up at the roof, and there, in the highest point of the arched dome, I saw a great eye watching me.

I caught my breath sharply and my heart seemed to turn to stone.
"What was that?" exclaimed one of the men. "I am certain I heard something."

They all listened intently for a moment, and death seemed to come very close to me.

"It was only the wind in the trees," said the Russian impatiently. "You are as nervous as a woman, De Tessier. Nothing bigger than a rat could be hidden here."

Presently I ventured to look up again. The great eye was still there, but this time I was not taken unawares. It was no human eye, that was certain, though it was so awful and lifelike. It was strange I had not noticed it when I came before, but perhaps it was less striking in the daylight than in this half darkness. I told myself that it must be a custom connected with the Greek religion, but I could not look up again. The eye seemed to regard me threateningly, as though asking what right I had to be there.

The meeting was over at last, the priest had extinguished the lights and gone, but I still lay on the marble tomb, more dead than alive. The little door opened softly, my accomplice gave a furtive glance round as he held his lantern aloft, and whispered fearfully:
"It is all right. You can get up."

I gazed back at him without a word.

He uttered a sharp exclamation as he looked into my face, and, snatching a flask from his pocket, he forced some brandy down my throat. Slowly a delicious warmth crept through my veins, and I breathed a sigh of renewed life.

"Rouse yourself," he said sharply. "All danger is not over yet. There is still much to be done. If you fancy a dagger in your heart I do not."

The rough words had the desired effect. I pulled myself together with a great effort—the strain had been terrible—and mechanically assisted my companion to put everything in order.

When I was once more safe in my own room I threw myself on the bed as I was, and immediately fell asleep. The first sound that roused me was a loud knocking at my door in the morning. I had! I ordered that I should be called in time to catch the early boat train.

Late that same night I was sitting with the Chief receiving his congratulations.

(Next week: DEAD OR ALIVE?)

MOTHER: "To err is human, to forgive—"

Tommy (interrupting): "I know what to forgive is."

Mother: "Well, what is it, dear?"

Tommy: "It's a sure thing that the other fellow can lick you."

"WOULD you start out on a journey on Friday?"

"No, indeed."

"Why are people so superstitious?"

"But this has nothing to do with superstition. I get paid on Saturday."

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening a curious article.

If they do, we would like to know what a canary bird thinks of the woman who stands on a chair and talks "baby talk" to it through the wires of the cage.

SHOOTING TENANT (just arrived for the grouse):

"What a beautiful place to live, Dougald!"

Dougald: "It's no a bad place to live. But what wad ye think o' having to travel fifteen miles for a glass of whisky?"

"But why don't you buy some and keep it?"

"Ah, mon, but whisky will na' keep!"

"WHY do you carry your purse in your hand, instead of in your pocket?" he asked.

"For economy," she replied. "If a pickpocket ever got into my pocket he'd more than likely tear my gown, while if he snatches the purse out of my hand the loss would be only three halfpence, some samples of ribbon, and a postage stamp."

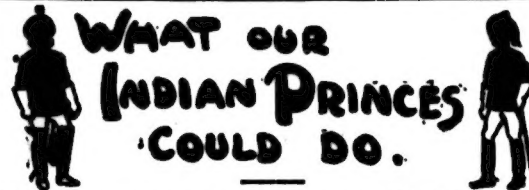
BY his action this officer is proving to the world the power of the British Empire.



N.B.

He is also putting £250 into the pocket of a P.W. reader — perhaps yourself.

SEE PAGE 532.



THEY WOULD BE ABLE TO PLACE 400,000 MEN IN THE FIELD IN DEFENCE OF THEIR QUEEN.

OUT of the huge population of India directly subject to the Crown, over fifty millions owe allegiance to native princes. Names written in blood are now borne by the most loyal vassals of the Crown. The Sikh lion and the Mahratta tiger now lie down in the amity of a common allegiance with the Bengal lamb and the Pathan wolf. Tribal and dynastic jealousies, that formerly raged from the Indus to the Berubudda, now find a harmless outlet in ceremonial rivalries, in disputes as to the number of guns in a salute, or the place of honour in a procession.

When the native princes of India visited this country at the Jubilee, they created a great sensation. They were all men in the prime of manhood, princely in bearing, and gorgeously apparessed. A murmur of admiration ran through the crowd as their jewelled panoplies, radiant in the sunlight, flashed past, shedding a halo of Oriental glory on our prosaic English streets. To-day, they publicly renew the homage they then rendered their Queen and Empress. Not as aliens, but as fellow subjects have they besought the Suzerain to allow them to share in the defence of the empire.

But, as it is not men we want in the mountains of Natal and the plains of the Orange Free State, but horses, we have declined their help. Did occasion arise when it would be necessary to ask for troops, 400,000 splendidly equipped soldiers would be forthcoming.

In India the native princes of the first rank enjoy full sovereign rights within their own dominions. They maintain armies, coin money, and administer justice, with power of life and

DEATH OVER THEIR SUBJECTS.

A stranger visiting the courts of any of these potentates might remain a year, possibly a lifetime, and go away fully convinced that their host was as independent as the Tsar of Russia.

They might notice in the eyes of the quiet English gentleman, known as the British Resident, that look of patient watchfulness only seen on the faces of men confronted with hidden dangers, but how are they to know that he is there as a warning against His Highness holding communication with other native sovereigns, to see that he does not make war, to assume the guardianship of the infant ruler during minority, and to prevent his subjects—although the prince controls his own customs—from trafficking in opium and salt, these being Government monopolies?

To still lessen any possible friction, the Resident takes care that all the tutors of the heir apparent are English. The little heir plays with the children of the Resident, so he gradually imbibes the ideas of his English friends, and it is no doubt owing to this fact that by the time he ascends the throne, he is more English than Indian.

Sometimes, of course, he is not all that could be desired. Patience may be required to check profligacy or extravagance, but his dignity is never ruffled, unless he persists in entertaining projects distasteful to the paramount power. If a gentle hint from the Resident, followed by a solemn warning from the Viceroy, produces no effect, the affair is placed in the hands of the military authorities, and the native prince is

INVITED TO NAME HIS SUCCESSOR.

As the status of the native princes of India is regulated by the military consideration—that is, the number of guns fired in salute—it will be readily surmised what a formidable addition they would make to our army in South Africa were the Government to accept their offer of military assistance. Only eight princes of the first rank—the Nizam, the rulers of Kashmir, Udaipur, Jagpur, and Mysore; Scindia, Holker, and the Gaekwar are entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns on British territory. To stifle any foolish ambitions which this homage might engender, the Imperial salute consists of 101, and that of the Viceroy of thirty-one guns.

Ninety-three princes in all lay claim to the honours of artillery salutes, nine guns being the lowest in the scale. When the salute of the Maharar of Khota was reduced from seventeen to thirteen for disloyalty at the time of the Mutiny, the disgrace nearly broke his heart. When the Marajah of Jagpur had his raised from seventeen to nineteen for his liberality during the famine in Rajputana, in 1868, he lived on champagne for a week.

The Marajahs of Jagpur, mindful of their past, have always set great store by ceremonial observances. At the Durbar which Lord Mayo held at Ajmir in 1871, the Jagpur ruler refused to take the place assigned him below that of the Senior Sun Prince.

"Udaipur may sit where he likes," he is reported to have said, "but I will have my chair above him."

This proving impracticable, he absented himself altogether, and the Durbar was held with his seat vacant. But the Viceroy was equal to the occasion. Her Majesty, he declared, had been slighted, so he ordered the offender out of the camp and curtailed his salute by two guns.

This stern treatment brought the haughty potentate to his knees, but he did not get his two guns restored till twelve months later. The punishment in every way was well deserved, for the Senior Sun Prince—the Mahrana of Mewar—is the only ruling family in India which has contrived to live through eight centuries of foreign aggression.

Were the present Mahrana to go to South Africa, the magnificence of his Court would greatly astonish the Boers. His Highness lives in the style of those ancestors who were ruling the country about the time of our Conquest. He admires Britain, but will have none of her modern customs. His state is a perfect modern example of ancient feudalism. Each Thakur or independent noble rules over his own lands which are held, on condition of homage and military service and his castle perched like some of the old ruins which adorn the Rhine on some isolated crag commanding a ford or pass.

As he dare not attack his neighbours he used, till a few years ago, in order to live as much like his forefathers as possible, to swoop on caravans

FOR PLUNDER OR RANSOM.

The Government at length forbade these ancient practices, but they allow his nobles to occasionally break out in open rebellion against their liege lord. Any slight, however insignificant—such as the sovereign at a court reception forgetting to hand the insignia to the haughty noble to whose care they should have been intrusted during the presentation—results in the offended individual hurling his glove to the ground as a sign of battle, and riding straightway to his castle, summoning his followers, and making preparation for a siege.

The Maharajahs of Judhpore, who come of the proud and gallant Rajpoot stock, are very fond of the English. They never faltered in their allegiance to us, even during the darkest days of the Mutiny. Although, owing to previous wars, the present sovereign's territories have been sadly reduced, his dominions being only a little larger than France, he is prepared to send at his own expense 700 splendid mounted warriors to South Africa.

His cavalry, however, make a poor show besides those of the Scindia of Gwalior. When a Prince ruling over some three million people maintains out of a revenue—never more than 9,310,000 rupees—an army of 10,050 foot, 6,058 cavalry, with 210 guns, his military tastes must be held to be of a very pronounced order. So large a force, well equipped and armed with the latest weapons, would probably be viewed by the authorities with some uneasiness but for the fact that the officers are all Britishers. When this arrangement was first proposed, His Highness's indignation was so great, that in order to allay the excitement, the salute was

RAISED TO NINETEEN GUNS.

Perhaps the most significant of all the offers we have received of aid is that of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the premier native Prince of India. He rules over eleven millions of fiery Mohammedans, and although as his state is situated on the eastern side of India, the soldiers would have a long journey before them, so keen are they to be allowed to try conclusions with the Boers, that their ruler has declared that unless the Viceroy harkens to his prayer, his throne is not safe.

Were the Barodahs to be sent to South Africa it is to be feared that the Boer would not approve of their tactics. They are as good haters as one of their old Gaekwars, who, when asked on his deathbed to pray that his enemies might forgive him, replied: "I have none, I have killed them all." In the same spirit the Barodahs used to boast that prisoners in war were an encumbrance. It was so much easier to kill them. But they are rare fighters as are also the Holkars of Indur.

Next to the Nizam, the Prince of Kashmir ranks as one of the greatest princes in India. His predecessor

PAID THE GOVERNMENT £750,000

to have his title recognised. This potentate has offered to transport his entire army of 30,000 foot soldiers to Africa at his own expense.

In Kashmir we have another country who prefer the good old days of yore to present-day customs, so the annual tribute of one horse, three pairs of shawls, and twenty-five pounds of peshmn (the soft wool lying next the skin of the Thibetian goat, from which the finest shawls are made) which they used, before they fell from their high estate, to exact from those they conquered in battle, they now send annually to Her Majesty's Government.

The exaggerated number of troops maintained by the native princes in a form of display, have always been a source of great anxiety to the Government, for whilst the British forces seldom exceeded 62,000 Europeans and 125,000 natives, the state armies exceed 400,000 men and 5,000 guns, without reckoning the native contingents, and other portions of the Indian army subsidised by native princes.

But this anxiety, by the war in South Africa, is now removed, and the enemies of this country will, for the future, have to reckon with 275,000 soldiers of the Hindu state, 75,000 of the Mohammedan states, and 59,000 of the Mahratta states. At the present time, we employ an army of 12,000 men to keep watch on the 45,000 warriors of the Nizam. This number we shall now be able to reduce. The loyalty of India proves that the power able to shake the British Empire has yet to be born.

Would Delagca Bay help the British? Read the special article in next week's ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

Questions Worth Answering.

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REPLIES.

4903. Is Every Able-bodied Man in the United Kingdom Liable to be Pressed into Service for the Militia?

No; this would be an over-statement. The law, shortly, is that, in case of a deficiency of volunteers to serve in the militia, a list should be drawn up of able-bodied men, and that vacancies in the ranks are to be filled up by ballot from this list. But the men who are liable to serve in this way do not by any means include all the able-bodied men of the country. There is first a limit of age—between eighteen and thirty. In the second place, several large classes are completely exempt; these are poor men with more than one child born in wedlock, peers, members of the universities, apprentices, articled clerks, volunteers, seafaring men, clergymen, and government servants. Then the militia is strictly limited by law to the number required for the defence of the United Kingdom, a number which has to be decided by the Queen in Council. And lastly, an Act which is passed every year, and which is known as the Militia Ballot Suspension Act, would have to be repealed, or allowed to remain unpassed, before the ballot could be permitted at all. In short, it would be a grave breach of constitutional usage to revive the ballot system in the militia without the express permission of Parliament, though all able-bodied men between eighteen and thirty could be pressed into service by an Order in Council, except those who are always exempt under an Act of 1802.

4904. Is it True that every Leaf is a Lightning-conductor?

A leaf is one of the most efficient conductors of electricity known. Most leaves have notched edges; each of these points is powerful to attract the electric fluid from the air, and through the stem to carry it silently to the ground. A single blade of grass is said to be three times as efficient in attracting electricity as a fine needle, and a twig covered with leaves is far more efficient than any manufactured "point." A green tree is constantly conveying electricity from the earth to the air and from the air to the earth, and a tree covered with leaves is the best safeguard from lightning that can be found. True, it sometimes attracts a larger quantity than it can deal with; the leaves gather it in more quickly than the trunk can carry it away without injury to itself. The tree is then said to have been struck by lightning. It has often been struck before, but now it is overcharged and crushed. It seems to be established that plants are generally in a negatively electrical state, and it is believed by some that in the tropics, where there is much positive electricity in the air, the negatively electrical condition of plants induces thunderstorms.

4905. Of which Country have the Industries had the Most to Do with the Shaping of its Politics?

If we confined ourselves to the present age we should answer "The United States." The domestic politics of that country have of late years been entirely determined by its industries. The Republican party have been distinctively protectionist, while a great proportion of the Democrats are free-traders. Quite recently the coinage question has come to the front, and was fought as the chief issue at the last presidential election. Taking a larger view of the careers of nations, we can hardly doubt that the answer would be "Great Britain." From the time of Elizabeth, when the great sea-rovers began to lay the foundations of our foreign commerce, our policy has been increasingly regulated by our industrial interests. Our Indian Empire has grown out of a few commercial emporiums, established early in the seventeenth century. The

desire to extend our trade and provide work for our surplus population has largely determined the extension of our Colonial system. Financial and commercial considerations took us into Egypt, and originated our present influential position in that country. The present war in South Africa has, in a great degree, arisen from industrial causes, for it was the enterprise of our countrymen in creating the mineral wealth of the Transvaal that excited the jealousy of the Boers, and caused the political deadlock.

4906. Is there any Agriculture Implemented Extensively Used in our Colonies that is Not in Use in this Country?

There are several such, nearly all of which are of American manufacture, and are exported thence mainly to Canada, and also to Australia, the Cape, and other British Colonies. One of the most curious is known as "The Three Wheel Cracker-jack Sulkey"—a species of plough used for preparing the ground for small grain, and having a seat for the driver above the ploughshare. Another implement, largely used where maize is grown, and made in many varieties, is the "sheller" for separating the corn from the cob, whilst the hand "corn planters," with arrangements in glass and otherwise, to insure that no "hills," or holes, are missed, is another tool associated with the same crop. The "disc" harrow, which substitutes revolving wheels of steel for the points used elsewhere, is another implement which has not yet made its way into this country. The "stamp puller," for extracting tree roots, much as old-fashioned dentists pull teeth, is also unnecessary here, but is extensively used in new countries to clear the ground.

4908. Which of our Principal Colonies is most Dependent upon the Mother-country for its Defence?

Recent events have shown that the Cape, without Britain's aid, would have been helpless against an enemy upon and within its own borders; but our Australian colonies are the most helpless so far as their own means of defence are concerned. Their isolation to some extent proves a protection, but their whole sea-board is practically at the mercy of a strong naval power, while their troops, though remarkably effective, are few in proportion to the area to be defended. The Dominion of Canada, again, is a union of colonies, occupying enormous territory; but it is too thinly populated to be able to compete in military strength with its powerful neighbour, the United States. In case of war, it would have to defend more than 3,000 miles of land-frontier, in addition to extensive sea-boards on both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

4910. What would Happen if this Country Went to War with Switzerland, and the other European Powers Remained Neutral?

Nothing, except an interruption of diplomatic and commercial relations between the two countries, for hostilities cannot take place except on the high seas or within the territories of the belligerents. Between this country and Switzerland the former are out of the question, and the latter could not arise unless a passage was granted through a neutral state. During the eighteenth century it was an undisputed doctrine that a neutral state might allow the troops of one belligerent to pass through its territory without giving cause for complaint to the other; but recent authorities on International Law are opposed to this, and modern practice supports them. No attempt has been made to exercise such supposed right of passage since 1815, when the allies crossed Switzerland to attack France. In 1870 Belgium, at the instance of Great Britain, refused a passage to the German wounded, and the Swiss not only declined to allow volunteers from Alsace to pass through their country, but interned a body of French troops who crossed their frontier. Such a war is also impossible on other grounds, for a declaration was signed at Paris, November 20th, 1815, by the representatives of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, whereby they formally recognised the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and guaranteed the inviolability of its territory.

4909. What is the Best Historical Example of "Set a Thief to Catch a Thief"?

One of the most conspicuous instances is that of Jean Bart, the popular naval hero of France. Born and bred a pirate, he became the boldest and most successful buccaneer on European waters. What he did not know about that business was not worth knowing. Recognising the man's prowess, and anxious to increase the prestige of the French Navy, then at a low ebb, Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV., won Bart over to loyalty to his country, gave him a commission, and found his choice and his hopes justified in a series of brilliantly successful naval exploits directed by Bart against piratical rovers in general and the enemies of French commerce in particular. He secured enormous prizes in ships and bullion, and by intercepting a marauding fleet carrying off some French wheat ships, he once in a season of bad crops staved off famine, and captured the would-be robbers, bringing his spoils into port amid a storm of enthusiastic acclamation.

4911. Which English Sovereign Lost the Best Chance of Adding to our Dominions?

Henry VII., who missed the opportunity of securing the services of Columbus, and so gaining America as a British possession. Heart-sick from fourteen years of deferred hope in Portugal, and wearied out by repeated political delays in Spain, Columbus sent his brother, Bartolomé, to London to interest Henry VII. in his projects of discovery. Henry listened while Bartolomé unfolded his brother's plans, but his narrow and wholly unimaginative mind had only ridicule for the scheme and its adventurous author. So that golden opportunity—incomparably the best of the kind ever offered to a British sovereign—passed, and the prize was not acquired. At a later date the States of Holland, which had revolted against the Spanish monarchy, offered the sovereignty of their country to Elizabeth. Her council was divided on the subject, and she decided to decline an offer which would have changed the course of modern history. Holland, with its fine fleet, would have become a part of the United Kingdom, and the combined navies of the two countries would have dominated the world.

4912. What Means of Locomotion could be Best Dispensed with in this Country?

Probably that by canals. Railways may now be regarded as an essential part of our social and commercial life, and regular rapid movement, whether by carriage, cab, bus, or tram, seems equally indispensable for endless purposes of necessity and convenience. The motor-car's fate does not appear yet to be decided, but cycles of all sorts have come to stay, while we cannot imagine that riding will ever lose favour in the eyes of Englishmen. Coaching, though now rather a pastime than a means of locomotion, has lately been revived to convey tourists to regions not readily accessible by train. Compared with our railway mileage of between twenty and thirty thousand miles, increasing at an average of two hundred miles annually, our three thousand odd miles of canals are insignificant, and have not been added to, as far as inland canals are concerned, during the reign of Victoria. In industrial districts, however, they are a cheap means of conveying heavy goods, and, unless railway freights are revised, are not likely to be dispensed with for some time to come.

4915. Which is the Lowest Type of Civilised People?

Probably the Russians. While writers and travellers vary as to the future of Russia, nearly all are agreed as to the utter degradation at present of the Russian peasant. He is always on the verge of starvation, and is absolutely improvident, while his gross and complete ignorance is combined with the most extravagant superstition. Like all low natures he is thoroughly distrustful of reform, and as a climax to his infirmities he is a confirmed drinker. Middle class in Russia there is practically none, the small shopkeepers combine exorbitant charges with shameful usury, manufacturers and producers are nearly all foreigners, and the larger trade of the country is chiefly in German hands. Education may, after the lapse of several generations, remove the inherent dulness of this people; but it will be no easy matter to root out evils which are the growth of centuries of serfdom and distress.

QUESTIONS.

4941. What is the origin of the use of incense as a religious ceremony?

4942. Why do our eastern and southern coasts usually stand lower than the western and northern?

4943. What would happen if flowers lost their colour?

4944. In which country are the aristocracy the least useful class of the community?

4945. Which is the most "stay-at-home" nation?

4946. In which modern trade is there the least rivalry?

4947. Has a banquet of Imperial importance ever been given in London the vintages served at which were entirely imported from Greater Britain?

4948. Are there any churches in England which are still thatched with reeds?

4949. Which European capital has altered the least during the present century?

4950. Which war had the most unjust origin?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to a number of queries, but his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by 4 p.m. on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is due. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"WELL, my boy, how did you feel when you proposed?"
"I felt for my hat."

JEWELLER: "You evidently entertain no superstitious fears concerning edged implements."
Fair Customer (who has bought a shaving set):
"Oh, dear, no! I'm married to him."

"CROSS with him? Why he wrote a lovely poem to her."
"Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it, 'Lines on Mabel's face.'"

"No, Edwin," said Mrs. Jorgles, "I have never told you a lie and never will."
"I do not doubt you, my dear; but every time I know to a certainty that you have deceived me I will just cut a notch in the piano."
"No you won't, Edwin Jorgles! Do you suppose I want that instrument ruined?"

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The illustrations in WAR PICTURES—our latest publication—are far superior to those of any other similar production.

THE TRIALS OF THE PRESS CENSOR.

HE HAS A ROUGH TIME GENERALLY WITH WAR
CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE is, perhaps, no man connected with the entire Army service who receives more abuse, who is more bullied and cajoled, or who insists more firmly upon the recognition of his prerogative than the military Press censor; and sometimes he is strictly in the right, and sometimes foolishly not.

But his decisions are law, and, whether in the humble opinion of an indignant correspondent who has just had his "copy" ruthlessly cut into, or refused entirely, he appears a confounded bully and a silly idiot, or no, he can continue on his way just as smoothly as before, for behind him he has that power of right which is the sternest of all, and is sometimes, and not wrongly, spelled might. For the workings of his blue pencil are as infallible as is the Pope's word.

The single reason for the appointment of a military Press censor with an operating army in the field is to guard against any information being telegraphed or published anywhere that might prove of the least service to the enemy or in any way disconcert plans of the general commanding.

That correspondents in their zeal to furnish details to their respective papers might often be guilty of such a military breach if there were no military censors to discriminate is beyond question, and the military censor's duty is a useful one; but he sometimes abuses the privileges of his responsible position, or, at all events, appears to do so to the men who have to put every one of their written reports under his eye to be hacked to pieces at his discretion.

At least, and the writer speaks from personal experience in the past, it is not a pleasant thing after a choice item of news has been toiled and fought for, and then set down on paper in what the writer considers his best style, to then have the most important portions, the parts that took the greatest effort to find out and make up what is the report's real news value, bodily lifted out, or, to speak more literally, crossed through with a blue pencil, fine writing and all, and at a time when, to the correspondent's mind, the information could have worked no possible harm whatsoever.

These things have happened chiefly in instances where the military censors have been bigoted enough to have attached more importance to the responsibilities of their positions than was due, and when they tried to be even more secretive than were their commanding generals.

The military censor belongs to what is known as the Intelligence Department of the Army, and is appointed by the general commanding presumably because of his superior military knowledge and especial fitness for the position. That censors do not always come up to the mark, or sometimes abuse these appointments, is not always the fault of the generals. But then some people may maintain, and possibly not without some justice, that the correspondents who sometimes suffer at their hands are not always most competent to judge of them.

Censors do not devote all their time, however, to frustrating correspondents in their work, but are sometimes very useful to them. If a correspondent is ever wrong in any of his details, or is in doubt as to just which regiment performed certain services, the censor, who is always supplied with all correct information, will set him right, and sometimes will supply items that a single man in a vast field of operations cannot always obtain; and on such occasions, if he be not too busy, for censors are a much overworked lot, correspondents will even be genial with him. The writer remembers one solemn occasion when even he went so far as to drink to a censor's health, and furnished the liquor into the bargain.

There are times when censors will considerably close their eyes, and, if the correspondent words his dispatch in a careful manner so as not to come within the strict letter of the law, will allow it to go through.

So, one time, when a fleet of transports were to sail secretly on the following morning, although the writer was not allowed to telegraph the fact, a telegram addressed personally to the editor that "Brown"—Brown was an accompanying artist—"will sail to-morrow at ten a.m.," was allowed to pass through, and, as the editor at home was quite aware of Brown's destination, this answered the same purpose as saying that the transports would sail.

There are, sometimes, very amusing sides to Press censorship. In 1898, after the Hispano-American War, the Spaniards still maintained their sovereignty over the island of Cuba until January 1st, 1899, and during this interval enforced a strict censorship on all newspaper dispatches out of Havana. So, in December, after the American army of occupation had been coming in for fully a month, as the Illinois troops were to be paid off on Christmas Day, a Chicago correspondent tried to send a dispatch that read:

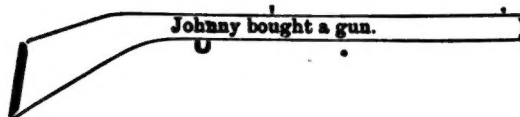
"As to-morrow is pay day in the Illinois camp all the troops expect a visit from Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus!" said the Spanish censor who read this. "Ah, it is a code word. I will not let it pass through."

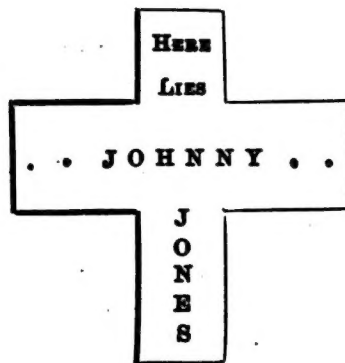
And as he would not have the thing explained to him, nor be moved from his positions by any arguments, why, pass through it did not.

Poor Johnny.

JOHNNY found a shilling; Johnny
Said "I'll have some fun!"
Johnny went down town and with it



Johnny loaded up his gun with
Powder, nails, and stones;
Johnny pulled the trigger, and now



Misleading Grammar.

"THE nonsense they is teachin' in these schools makes me weary," exclaimed Stoney Broke.

"Ye're jealous, 'cause you ain't educated," replied Minus Cash.

"No, I ain't. After what I heard them school children sayin', I'm glad I ain't mixed up in any scheme where they tries to make you believe that 'money' is a common noun."

For His Own Use.

IN the office of a provincial business man some time ago, the manager and a friend sat talking over some business affairs when the telephone rang. The manager made no attempt to answer it and went on talking. Then the bell rang again and again, and still he did not answer.

At last his attention was called to the fact that the telephone was ringing and he replied:

"I had that telephone put in here for my own private use, and not for the convenience of others."
And he didn't answer it.

Good for "General Lowness."

THE other day a distracted mother brought her daughter to see a physician. The girl was suffering from "general lowness." The doctor prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and tore off her daughter.

In ten days' time they were back again, and the girl was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case.

"I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said.

"Yes," exclaimed the grateful mother, "thanks to you, doctor. She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes oftener, and once or twice uncooked; and now look at her!"

"DID the lecture you gave your wife on economy make any impression on her?"

"Well, yes; she's economical with her smiles now."

"MAMMA," said Bennie thoughtfully, "did nature have any reason for making the porcupine a slave to carry toothpicks for the other animals?"

"PA, what is a stealthy step?"

"Well, Jimmy, it is the way a burglar walks, or a woman who is trying to catch a chicken."

CADDIE: "Lemme carry yer clubs, Mister. I kin be blind as er bat and ez deaf as er post!"

Golfer: "I don't consider that any particular recommendation."

Caddie: "Not if yer playin' wid yer chum er yer mudder-in-law; but w'en yer playin' wid yer girl, it pays ter hev er caddy wot knows his biz!"

TOWNS THAT HAVE ALIASES.

AND THE REASONS FOR CHANGING THEIR NAMES.

THE ordinary student of human nature knows only too well that there are a great number of men and women who pass through life under names which are not, by any means, those given them by their godfathers and godmothers at their baptism. But the same observing student may probably have failed to notice how many important towns there are in this Kingdom that are to-day, still sailing, as some of them have done for years, under false colours by sporting a name which is not the one they are legally entitled to.

Everybody has heard of Hull, or, as its inhabitants like to call it, "the third seaport in the kingdom." But how many people know that its proper name is not Hull at all, but Kingston? It was known, long years ago, as Kingston-on-Hull, to differentiate it from Kingston-on-Thames, and the Yorkshire folks, who didn't like such a mouthful for a town's name, began to shorten it to "Hull."

So it has come to pass that now everybody calls the place "Hull," but that is yet wrong, both legally and otherwise, for "Hull" is really the name of the small river that flows through the town into the Humber. All Corporation and Government notices and documents relating to the town still mention it always under its proper name as "Kingston-on-Hull."

Do you know that there is no such town as Plymouth in England? It is true that a town in Devonshire has masqueraded under that alias for the last few centuries, but its true cognomen is Sutton, as any old antiquarian of the district will soon tell you. But there are several Suttons in England; there is one in Kent and another in Nottinghamshire, besides others. So the folks at the Devonshire Sutton called their town Sutton-super-Plymouth to distinguish it, and, still further, to distinguish a town that was fast surpassing other Suttons, they began to call it Plymouth for short.

"Are you going to Morecambe?" asked a friend last year of the writer.

"No," was the reply, "I'm going to Poulton!"

"Where the dickens is Poulton?" he asked. "Never heard of the place before!"

"Yes, you have," said I, "and moreover you've been and stayed there for the summer holidays!"

"Rubbish," said he, "I never go anywhere but to Morecambe!"

"No," retorted I, "you go to Poulton, and call it 'Morecambe'!"

And I had to explain to him that there was no town of the name of Morecambe, strictly speaking, but that Poulton in Morecambe Bay, had begun long years ago to be named Morecambe, after the bay itself, though all legal notices and documents still knew it was Poulton.

Bridlington, on the North Sea coast, rejoices also in the alias of Burlington, and it is just as commonly called the latter as the former by the thousands who resort to it every summer. Why, is a query difficult to answer; but probably the latter name is the more common of the two—amongst Northerners, at any rate—for the town under Flamborough Head.

Londonderry was seldom called that name till the last century or two. "Derry" was its proper name, and even to-day is as much used as the longer form. When the "London" was adopted, and why, are questions too long to be dealt with here. But the inhabitants even now speak of themselves, almost always, as "Derry" men. There were several important disputes at issue some two centuries or so ago between London itself and Derry, and this may account for something.

Stockton is the popular name for a place which would, probably, be more correctly styled by its other name of Thornaby. Both names are used very carelessly and indiscriminately in the district of the Tees, and it would be as well if one could be kept to, as defining the particular place specified.

Few people fail to recognise that Brummagem is a favourite alias for Birmingham, particularly applied to certain goods, not of the highest class or most excellent manufacture, that emanate from the Midland capital, and are styled derisively "Brummagem" ware.

Most people who have to do the hydropathic cure in Wharfedale speak of going to Ben Rhydding, though this is really the name of the railway station, whilst the true name of the small town or village itself is Wheatley. But so common has this error now got, that the latter name is fast being forgotten, and Ben Rhydding has evidently come to stay.

Jaffa is just as often called Joppa, and has been for centuries, right down the ages since Scripture days, unto this day, when the fruit-seller sells real "Jaffa" oranges, and in the same breath tells you he has been to Joppa for them.

Stamboul is quite as readily called "Constantinople" as is the settlement on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and to most folks the two names are synonymous. But the close observer and real inquirer knows differently, and knows that it is only an alias of the former city.

New York ought properly to be called "Manhattan." That was its original name, which even to-day has survived in several things belonging to the great American town, especially its island site and its famous athletic club.



PUZZLING THE PATENT EDITOR.

INVENTORS WHO STRIKE TERRIBLE
IDEAS.

"THEY talk about the brutality of the Boers," growled the Patent Editor, as he grimly consigned the latest line in "rain preventors" to the back of the office fire and wearily started to unpack the next curiosity; "but what I want to know is—what the—!!—!!—!!!"

He had incautiously unpacked a fully-wound, twenty-foot "kissing bee" which, its inventor explained, "could be used with equal advantage as a punkah, a war rocket, or a flying machine."

"What I want to know," resumed he, as he mechanically rang up his tailor and the nearest surgeon and temporarily girded himself for decency's sake with a few proofs and press cuttings, "what I want to know is why the Thackeray they don't ship out a few hundred-weights of the gifted gentry who are hurrying me piecemeal to an early grave?" and an involuntary sigh escaped him as he located the last of his missing teeth fast embedded in the crown of my new silk hat.

"The fact of the matter is this," continued he. "The man in the street reads somewhere or other that Singer made £3,000,000 out of his patent sewing machine, and that the stylographic pen brought in some other lucky beggar £40,000 per annum; and straightway he, too, rushes off to invent something or other. When he's invented it, I get it. When I get it—well—I'm insured by the firm, it is true, and I've also a pretty tough constitution, but even these crowning mercies are of but little avail against the

CIGARS AND SCOTCH WHISKY

I've had to sample before now.

"No! I am not joking. Only six weeks ago I was agreeably surprised to receive what I imagined was a Christmas box. It consisted of a dozen boxes of medium Havanas and a case of Scotch whisky. As the Fighting Editor and a couple of the 'subs' were in the room at the time, I had no choice but to offer them a cigar apiece and a glass of the 'craythur.' We all lit up, and I had just sent for the corkscrew, when it occurred to me to see who was our benefactor. I accordingly started to read aloud the letter which accompanied the little offering. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. PATENT EDITOR.—What do you think of the enclosed? It is my idea for routing the Boers, and I want you to say whether it would pay me to patent it at once."

"My plan would be to leave similar cases of this whisky and boxes of cigars lying about just where the Boers would be likely to raid them. It would be awful fun, too. You see it's like this: The whisky is just coloured vitriol, and although the first inch or so of the cigars is real tobacco, all their middles are solid cakes of dynamite!"

"That's the sort of thing a Patent Editor has to look out for. Thank goodness we had none of us smoked more than three-quarters of an inch of our cigars, but it was a near thing nevertheless."

"No doubt you are surprised at the bloodthirstiness of the man. But I can assure you that his idea is quite humane compared with some I have come across during my experience."

"During the Chino-Japanese War, for instance, a couple of American inventors

MOVED HEAVEN AND EARTH

to gain the active support of the Chinese Admiral Ting to a little scheme for the annihilation of the Japanese fleet. One of the inventors was an ex-naval officer named Howie, who had formerly been employed upon the Howell torpedo.

"Their patent was, briefly, to fit up a special vessel with a species of water-cart apparatus, by means of which the surface of the sea was to be covered with a naphtha film. So soon as the Japanese had been lured over this chemical sea, a patent shell, the contents of which formed the chief secret of the invention, was to be fired into it, with the result that the entire film would be instantly detonated to the total annihilation of the enemy. Fortunately, for the Japs, however, the necessary chemicals were treacherously destroyed whilst lying off Chefoo, where they were stored in junks awaiting a favourable opportunity to run to Wei-hai-wei."

"Whilst we are, more or less, at sea, let me mention a beautiful little device for preventing sea sickness, which was once submitted to me. It consisted of a deck-chair, the top of which was attached to a small captive balloon, the chair itself being secured to the deck by a short length of chain cable. The idea was perfect. At least the inventor said so, and he ought to have known."

"As the balloon would always pull directly upward, your chair would always keep in a similarly convenient position, no matter what the vessel's angle of heel. At the same time, the stout length of chain cable between chair and deck insured that the purchaser should not make any premature departure for the realms above. Personally, I have never yet come across the invention in actual working order. But then I don't travel much. Perhaps some of our much-travelled readers could oblige."

"Coming ashore for awhile, it is truly wonderful how

much time has been wasted over the problem of railway collisions. One inventor proposed to build the front of his engines wedge-shaped, with the double idea of increasing their speed by the diminution of air-resistance, and causing them to glance harmlessly aside from another when meeting at full speed. Unfortunately, this invention was quite impracticable. The wind-cutting idea was recently tried upon the London and South-Western line, but has not proved a success, owing to the over-heating of the windcutter. The second part of the invention speaks for itself.

"Another anti-collision idea was to both preface and terminate every other train with a pair of sloping platforms mounted upon wheels. When the train was overtaken by, or met another train, the second was expected to mount the front slope, run along the tops of the carriages by means of specially constructed rails, and, finally, to run once more on to the permanent way via the rearmost slope. Sad to relate, however, this has only been another idea that our dull-witted railway directors have failed to appreciate at its inventor's value."

"A very favourite form of patent with the company-promoter is that which will make sky, sea, or earth give up their gold (at any rate upon a prospectus) for the benefit of prospective shareholders. This is the sort of thing one is always hearing about:

SEA WATER CONTAINS GOLD

in solution. It is calculated that in this way the entire ocean holds no less than 100,000,000,000 tons of the precious metal—a statement which is probably true enough."

"Then the inventor comes along. 'I have invented a patent electric trawl,' says he. 'By means of an electric current I have merely to drag my trawl through the waters, and, hey presto! the gold is deposited upon my mechanism, by very much the same process that one uses in electro-plating. And, theoretically, he is probably correct. Practically, however, as there is only about one grain of gold in every ton of sea water, the shareholders do not usually make rapid fortunes."

"Of course, there is no denying that the inventor has every reason to persevere with his patents. It does not require so much a colossal as a quick intellect to produce a really paying idea. Indeed, little things frequently pay best."

"Look, for instance, at the rubber-tipped pencil-case, which brought the inventor upwards of £30,000; the celebrated 'Pharaoh's serpent,' which panned out at half that sum; the common needle-threader, which brought its inventor £2,000 a year; and that popular clockwork toy, the 'Walking postman,' which brought its patentee £26,000 in a single year—(Enter boy.)

"What's that?"

"Please, sir, will you see the doctor or the tailor first?"

(Exeunt omnes.)

"May I Come In?"

ALTHOUGH the keys of the Tower and every entrance to the fortress and strongholds of our Empire are held in the Queen's name, yet there is a little institution which Her Majesty often visits, but never without asking permission to enter, and what is more remarkable, it stands upon the Royal estate, and was erected by the Sovereign herself.

In the almshouses at Whippingham, built to the designs of the late Prince Consort, and in honour of whose memory they were erected, faithful old servants of Osborne husband out life's taper to a close in well-cared-for peace; and invariably when the Court is in the Isle of Wight a drive to the pretty little village, in the parish of which the Royal residence is situate, is marked by the venerable monarch calling at the Victoria and Albert almshouses, and tapping gently at the door, always graciously giving the same little greeting—and the one from Sovereign to servant is "May I come in?"

MAMMA: "Johnnie, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye."

Johnnie: "Yes, but, ma, you should see the look in the other boy's eye!"

"WHICH side do you favour in this Anglo-Russian rivalry for Asiatic influence?"

"I can't tell yet," answered the Chinese Empress. "I haven't opened my morning's mail and noted the remittances."

"We are all worms!" cried an itinerant preacher, addressing a sea-faring community on the beach. "I, my friends, am a mere worm!"

"Shouldn't 'spec to do much with yer as bait," growled an elderly fisherman, lighting his pipe and strolling away.

"WHAT is the difference between industry and luck?"

"One door."

"How do you explain that?"

"Industry is what you have yourself. Luck is what your neighbour has."

MISSING!

COMPLETE
SHORT
STORY.

"MISSING!"
He went in with us. Splendid in his strength, lion-hearted as ever man was, how he sprang to his feet when the bugle blared out the charge! Quite two paces ahead of the best of us we saw him as we spread out, a mammoth living fan, the smell of blood in our nostrils, death-desire in our hearts. Heavens! how stirring his cry rang out to us, thrilling with encouragement and hot desire, on the evening air as he took the first boulder at a bound and made up that awful slope.

"At 'em, men!"

His call! It still rings in our ears! What a lifetime that ten minutes was! The blur of vengeance dimmed our eyes, red vengeance benumbed our brains, our hands gripped our rifles as though we would crack them in two in our grasp, the clean-whetted bayonets savagely glinted back the rays of the setting sun. Chaos! Destruction! Death! No thoughts of sweet home or friends or past life, no regrets or any of those matters that are supposed to spring to the minds of soldiers facing death. Nothing of the kind! Our whole beings quivered with madness of revenge! To be among them at last!

To get up there face to face with those who had lain all the blistering day behind those boulders on top of that stubborn hill, and volleyed into us, or picked us off one by one as the occasion demanded. Many of our fellows were down, stricken through by the foe they could not see. And at length the bugle blared the charge.

And after? The only sound uttered by one of us was Sergeant Bill Mansell's "At 'em, men!" No officer uttered word. Each knew right well that the bugle's shout was all we waited for, and each was only anxious that we men should not beat him in the race for the top of the hill. But Sergeant Bill! He feared none in the sprint! He feared neither friend in a foot-race, nor foe in a fight, and his voice—well, he could not keep his spirits from bursting forth in words of exaltation and encouragement.

Zip! Zip! Zip!

How the spiteful bullets silt the air by our ears. A quarter way up, the dry ground spurts up the little jets of dust as though it were aboil.

The Boers are grimly holding their ground and shooting to kill! Can one of us survive? Who cares? Do we think of the risk? Not one thought. Is there no fear? The question is absurd. The hill! the hill! the top of the hill! To be amongst them for even just one short quarter of an hour! All day long the Boers have had it their own way. Now to the God of Battle we pray:

"Give us fifteen minutes face to face with our foe, and we will call the score wiped out." Fifteen minutes, no more, and we will make that bare, white, sunburnt hillside run blood.

Thud! thud! thud!

We are into them. They have left it too late to get away from us. Their rifles are clubbed, our bayonets flash forward. See how the steel prongs play this way, that way, like the glinting, glancing tongue of a thousand-headed serpent! The rush up that awful slope, and not a man spoke! But hark! Heavens, what a turmoil now! Hear the cries! Cries of hysteria, death cries, cries of the glory in the deadly fight. And hark! the thud! thud! of clubbed gun, and the zit and crunch of bayonet driven through quivering flesh and strong bone. Hear them spring our bugle call, "Retire." Hah! we know that of old, and bare-headed, cursing, laughing, shouting, some even singing, we are among them having our revenge; for the most unfair day anyone of us ever passed. Out flash our bayonets, now dripping red, and—we prick the Boers into oblivion.

Morning on the hill-top.

Look to the right of you! There are the fruits of the night's gathering. See! There lie our dead. How quietly they lie, they who were so stirring with life when we swung forward to the advance. Back there, the wounded, a silent band, almost as silent as the dead—and the surgeons are amongst them still.

All accounted for, all but one. Where is Sergeant Mansell? We have scoured the ground, peered behind every stone, every bush—

"Search those bushes; he is there."

The lank Canadian stretches his bony finger and points far off to the left. Across the valley and up the hill slope we speed, fearing, hoping—and there lies Sergeant Bill, dead.

"A bird told me," quietly answers the Canadian. And when we doubt he adds, "I saw it fly quietly into those bushes—but a second after, before it had rightly settled upon the branch, it spluttered up in great affright, and made off as if for its life. It had seen."

"I read the signs of the wilderness."

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COMRADES



Only a couple of
blackguards,
Only two new
recruits,
Just more food for
powder
When the hidden
Snider shoots.
Give 'em red coats
and rations
And a bob and a
bit a day,
Send 'em on active
service,
Where Death and
the Fever
play.

We was both of us recruits, learning goose-step round the yard,
And we felt as we should hit it from the start.
So I cursed him for a Cockney what was too good to live,
And he hinted he'd cut out my handsome heart.
Then we toddled round the corner, and we peeled our coats to scrap,
And he caught me on the nose as neat could be,
And I landed him a welt with the thick end of my belt,
And that's how we got chummy, him and me.
And its mind and be polite to Mister Purchaser,
And don't say nothing nasty 'bout Mac;
His face was pretty bad, with the bumping as he had,
And as for me, my eyes were blind and black.
We argued with each other rather frequently,
But we choked off all outsiders what talked back;
The whitest man that ever lived was Purchaser,
I'm but the lonely fool they nickname Mac!
We got middling thick in barracks in a casual kind of way,
And the other Tommies gave in we was pals;
We were gen'rally together, doing drill or washing clothes,
Or when we went out walking with the gals.
We shared pipe-clay and 'bacca, and we also shared our beer,
And they chucked us out the pubs in company,
And we did our bits of spells in the penitential cells,
And that's how we kept chummy, him and me.
And it's "Where's that dear, incorrigible Purchaser?"
And it's "Toe the line, you drunken scoundrel, Mac!"
And it's "Ho! so you are there, you lovely looking pair,"
And they handed out our trouble by the stack.
They said we were the nuisance of the regiment,
And we never went to answer of them back,
For he was a holy terror, was old Purchaser,
And I could do a bit myself for Mac!
So they marked us for promotion to fair Injer's coral strand,
And the troopship turned us both up in the Bay,
But we worried through as best we could and got our vittles down,
Though feeling, what we looked, more green than gay.
But we got round Gib, all joyous and commenced to feel alive,
And could wipe up our arrear with energy,
Which made sev'ral little scenes, with the Jackies and Marines,
And helped us to keep chummy, him and me.



And the devil
daggers turned
me sick to see.

And it's "Keep the weather side of Puggy Purchaser!"
And it's "Give a good clear berth to that brute Mac!"
We'd finished taking lip, from the blueboys on the ship,
And they kept their course well on the starbud tack.
They weren't sorry when they saw us off the premises,
But they didn't say so till we turned our back;
He was handy with his dukes, was Johnny Purchaser,
And he had a leg o' mutton fist, had Mac!



Sev'ral little
scenes, with
the Jackies
and Marines.

They headed us up-country, round about the Khyber Pass.
A nice old hole, with plenty hills to climb,
And with skirmishing and outpost work and fever and the heat.
We did our bit and put in overtime.
And once or twice the brathens touched us up with half-spent squibs,
And we sent a bull's-eye home occasion'ly,
And we got to know the feel of the bullet and the steel,
More reasons to be chummy, him and me.
And it's "Honourable mention, Private Purchaser!"
And it's "oh! Lord love us!—" First-class soldier, Mac!"
We turned our quids and grinned, the way that gay old Gen'ral chinned,
We wasn't used to treacle and soft tack.
So we couldn't rest until we had disgraced ourselves,
And we run amuck and did the usual wheel,
And he didn't get his stripes that time, did Purchaser,
And the sergeant found another name for Mac!

But luckily there came the word for an advance in force,
And to wallop up to Dargai we were bid;

They thought it looked a rather good position to be in,
And we'd better go and take it—so we did.

They was playing "Cock o' the blooming North" and "A Little Bit Off the Top."
And up we tumbled with a three times three.
It gave us sort of socks, climbing round the rugged rocks,
But we came through all serenely, him and me.

And it's "Here we are again now, Johnny Purchaser!"
And it's "Have you got a chew of bacca, Mac?"
And it's "Wipe your bloomin' bayonet, it'll rust if it keeps wet;"
And it's "Any more positions to attack?"

And it's "Blimy, but I could do a Bass or two—Have you got your water bottle round your back?"
And "Best respects, and blow the froth off, Purchaser!"
"Here's lots of fun and top o' the morning, Mac!"
Just then a nigger hound, who had been shamming he was stiff,
Crawled up behind and knifed me in the chest.
I just had time to plug him one and then I turned to drop,
But Purchaser had caught me to his breast.
And then sprang up a dozen more Afreedys from their holes,
And the devils' daggers turned me sick to see.
And our mates had all dropped out, so it wa'n't no use to shout—
We were alone together, him and me.
And it's "Knock it off and clear out lively, Purchaser!"
And it's "Shut your jaw, I'll see you blest first, Mac!"
And he gave 'em undercut, and he played 'em with the butt,
While I was lying helpless on my back.
And I watched him stand and hold the horde of them at bay,
Until a flying bullet caught me crack—
That was the last I saw alive of Purchaser,
Who died to save the life of his chum Mac!
That's all, that's all—there isn't any more to talk about;
When the regiment rallied up they found him dead,
His body still protecting me, and all his wounds in front—
Lord God! I wish I'd died for him instead.
They picked me up insensible—I was a Red Cross job—
In the hospital they gave me the V.C.,
But I scratched my comrade's name, on the back of that there same.
For 'twas Purchaser had won it, and not me.
It was full rank guard and band to bury Purchaser.
It was "Dead March" muffled in the heart of Mac,
The tattoo came up fast, the flag that covered him went past,
And there was something in my brain went crack.
I know he died a hero's death—I'm proud of it—
And yet I'd give the world to have him back;
Oh! how I loved my dear old comrade, Purchaser!
Oh! how he loved his broken-hearted Mac!

Two more British soldiers,
Friend who loved his friend
Passing the love of women,
Faithful to the end.
Hats off for the living,
Hats off for the unknown grave,
A flush of pride and a glow of prayer—
Honour to the brave!

ALFRED SLADE.

Have you had WAR PICTURES yet? Latest and best photographs from the front.

THE CRIMES OF NATIONS.

GERMANY TAKES THE LEAD FOR CRIMES OF ALL SORTS; GREAT BRITAIN FOR CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY.

It is rather surprising to discover that every year that rolls by sees 221 of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom turn murderers, and the surprise is increased when we learn that the hideous crime of wilful homicide is, nevertheless, more rare in the United Kingdom than in any other country in Europe.

We are somewhat hardened to the constant accusations made by irresponsible and ignorant foreign journalists that we are the most criminal and drunken nation in Europe. Charges of this nature rather lose their sting after constant repetition, especially when emanating from those who have only to revile Britishers to be believed by their fellow-countrymen.

As a matter of fact, the most criminal country in Europe is Germany. It is due to Germany, however, that we should mention our inability to obtain reliable statistics of crime in Russia, partly because law in that country is characterised by so many peculiarities and administered so strangely that no statistics could be considered reliable. But excluding Russia from our consideration, Germany stands as the most criminal (and Sweden as the most inebriate) country in Europe.

Let us, however, consider the mote in our eye before the beam in the Teuton's. In every 1,000,000 of people in the United Kingdom 1,676 are criminals—nay, worse than that, 1,676 people in every 1,000,000 are annually convicted of some crime or another—and the average yearly number of crimes committed reaches the terrible total of over 78,000. That total, of course, includes crimes for which no one is punished, the annual number of convictions in the United Kingdom being 58,734.

Happily, an enormous majority of these crimes are not of the more serious character, 75,320 of the total of 78,438 being crimes against property. In no other country in Europe does this class of crime form so high a percentage, and this means that crime in the United Kingdom, while being more in aggregate than elsewhere, is less serious.

The crime of murder is more rare in the United Kingdom than in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, or Spain, and the same may be said of illegal wounding, in which we may add Belgium in comparable countries. But there is one serious point concerning the worse crimes in our country which strikes one as being strange, viz., that, whereas the annual number of convictions for murder averages 221, the annual number of murders is 430, and this obviously means that nearly fifty per cent. of criminals of this class escape punishment. The percentage of murderers who escape conviction is not nearly as great in any other European country.

In the land of the Kaiser the astonishing number of 3,677 persons in every million are annually convicted of crimes, and this total is made up of eleven murders, 1,265 lesser crimes against the person (stabbing and shooting), 2,260 crimes against property, and 141 various crimes. Crime in Germany is nearly three times as great as, and of a more serious character than, in the United Kingdom.

Next to Germany in degrees of evilness comes Italy, and here, as in Spain and Hungary, in the number of murders, we see the hot Southern temper. In Italy 3,338 people in every 1,000,000 are convicted criminals once a year, and ninety-five of them are murderers.

Things are nearly as bad in Spain, only crime is not half so general, 1,117 being the number of annual convictions in every 1,000,000 of Spain's population. But of these eighty-three are murders, and 432 have only just missed being such.

It is very remarkable that while Austria is twice as criminal as Hungary, the latter is nearly three times more murderous. In every 1,000,000 inhabitants there are annually convicted in Austria 2,435 criminals, of whom twenty-three are murderers. Yet in Hungary there are only 1,019 criminals to the 1,000,000 inhabitants, and of these sixty-seven are murderers. Stranger still, in Hungary, where murder is comparatively common, wilful wounding only number 298, while in Austria, where murder is much more rare, wilful wounding number 2,320 every year.

Somewhat unexpected is it to find that Belgium is not only one of the most inebriate countries in Europe, but also ranks third in criminality, 3,020 in every 1,000,000 of the people of Belgium being annually convicted of crimes. In that country also there is a peculiar state of things which is also remarkable in Austria. In Belgium only fourteen persons in every 1,000,000 are convicted of murder, yet 1,760, or more than half the total number of criminals to the million, are annually convicted of wilful wounding. In Belgium there are annually 650 more convictions for attempted murder and other assaults upon the person than robberies for every million of inhabitants.

It is possible to find some explanation for the prevalence of crime in Belgium in the state of inebriety which obtains in that country. Eminent authorities have estimated that eighty per cent. of the crimes committed in Belgium are traceable directly to drink, while in England the percentage is forty-three. Eighty Belgians in every million drink themselves to death annually.

"JOHNNY always stands up in the car, and lets a lady have his seat, don't you, Johnny?"
"Yes, ma; I'm always frightened she might sit on me."

"HAWKINS is so modest that he always turns away when he sees a mirror."
"Pshaw! It isn't modesty; it's because his wife buys his neckties!"

"WELL, thank heaven! you've never seen me run after people who have money."
"No, but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money."

He (looking out of the window): "It's so bright and cheerful within, and so cold and gloomy without."
She: "Without what?"
He: "Without you, dearest."

"I HAD no idea Mrs. Plankington was so mean until I went shopping with her."
"What did she do?"
"I insisted upon paying her tram fare, and she let me do it!"

"So you've lost your new servant already?" remarked a lady, sympathetically, to a neighbour.
"Yes."
"What time did she go?"
"I really can't tell," was the reply. "She took my watch with her."

BILL: "I'm making money selling mice."
Jill: "Whom do you sell them to?"
Bill: "The professor of music in the next street."
Jill: "What on earth does he want mice for?"
Bill: "Why, he uses them for trying the voices of young ladies."

MOTHER: "I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with in the street to-day. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know."
Son: "Oh! he ain't a bad little boy, mamma! He's a good little boy! He's been to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behaviour!"

"THERE," said an old crone to another, to whom he was showing the lions of a Scotch town, "that's the statue of Bailie Watson."
"Is it no' a guid bit larger than life size, though?" queried his friend.
"Oh, ay, it's a' that, but it's no' a bit bigger than the Bailie thoct he was himsel'."

JACK FINANCE (gushingly): "Darling, you must not refuse me the pleasure of taking you to ride in my new horseless carriage."

Daisy Hugger (apprehensively): "But—er—Jack, don't you—er—(blush)—have to use both arms to steer those?"

Jack Finance (rapturously): "No, dearest. Mine is a late pattern of pedal-steering attachment and—"

Daisy Hugger: "Oh, J-a-c-k! Say to-morrow night?"

HOW BURNABY FELL.

COLONEL EYRE CRABBE, who led the gallant Grenadiers in the magnificent bayonet charge at the battle of Belmont, is a splendid type of "a soldier and a man," the devoted friend and admirer of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, witnessing, indeed, the tragic incident outside the square at Abuas Klea, by which the giant commander of the Blues, after carrying on a miniature battle with the ferocious foe, fell surrounded by the terrible horde.

In a tribute which Colonel Crabbe once eloquently paid to the memory of his old comrade of the Royal Horse Guards, a certainly remarkable and most interesting light was thrown upon the situation at Abuas Klea at the moment of impact by the Arabs on the British column.

The general idea is that on this occasion the square was broken, whereas according to the brave leader of the 3rd battalion Grenadiers, who was desperately wounded in the engagement, the formation had not been completed, owing to the baggage camels' sloth.

Before the battle opened the troops in position were sitting down, so as to afford as little mark as possible, but the big form of Burnaby was seen to rise immediately the first bullet hissed by, as a precursor of those and others which were to find a billet in many a poor gallant Englishman. The act of the dauntless hero was doubtless due to a desire of inspiring men under fire for the first time with coolness and confidence.

There can hardly be a doubt but that the Arabs were within the proverbial ace of nearly annihilating the comparatively small British force, for, had an entrance into the square been successfully effected, then there must have been a second Isandhula.

According to Colonel Crabbe, the gallant Burnaby must have seized the situation at a glance as the enemy rushed with the force of an avalanche to the incomplete side of the square, for, running out some little distance, the great hero at once began to engage the Arabs, and with the result that, instead of running for the corner where the lumbering camels had not been got into position, the foe concentrated the attack on Burnaby, with the result that he hacked them down until receiving a terrible spear wound in the neck. The tragic incident by which Britain lost one of its bravest sons took sufficiently long in its sad details for the baggage animals to be got inside the formation, and the square locked.

Hurl themselves as they might upon the united little band, the brave desert fighters were to find that against the cold steel of British soldiers the most dashing valour is doomed but to wither. Burnaby, poor fellow, it was true, had fallen, but solid as a rock of adamant stood our soldiers, shoulder to shoulder with brave Berezford's naval brigade.

Burnaby would probably have recovered were it not that the spear entering his neck had severed the jugular vein, and so caused the bravest and best of British blood to flow upon the desert.

Like the intrepid dead of the rank and file, fallen in Britain's cause the world over, the great hearted Burnaby lies in a nameless grave, nor need monument ever be reared on the spot where he "foremost fighting fell." Such deeds as he wrought require not sculptured stone or storied brass—in themselves are they immortal, and the magnificent vicarious act of devotion by which the noble-minded Guardsman yielded up his life can never be forgotten. How many a mother was saved being bereaved of a boy, the number of wives prevented being made widows, and little ones not becoming orphans by Burnaby's act of self-sacrifice can never be known.

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NEW SERIAL STORY.



A ROMANCE OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.
By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Guilty Gold," "The Zone of Fire," "Caged," etc.

LIST OF CHIEF CHARACTERS.

WALTER LYNDEN.—A young Englishman, lately second officer of an Indian liner. In love with Maisie.
HOMER FERRARS.—An unprincipled company promoter, who has heard of a pair of Golden Gates and other treasure lying under the sea at the island of Seluga.
POWLETT FERRARS.—An ex-naval officer. Helps his brother, Homer, to form a syndicate, and commands the vessel which goes in search of the treasure.
SIED BEN ZOHRAB.—The half-caste Sultan of Jogore.
HUSSEIN ALI.—Zohrab's Chancellor. He exercises a mysterious influence over the Sultan.
GENERAL SELLON.—Uncle to Maisie. Becomes a director of the syndicate, but believes it to be a genuine affair.
COLONEL SELLON.—Brother to the General. Stationed at Bombay.
MRS. SELLON.—Colonel Sellon's wife.
MAISIE SELLON.—Daughter of Colonel Sellon.
LENA FERRARS.—Sister to Homer Ferrars, and in love with Lynden.
LADY JOANNA.—Sister to the Sultan. Much disliked by Hussein.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "SEA-HAWK" AGAIN.

THERE WAS a strange fascination in the curious scene which kept Walter from interrupting the performer with questions. He lay on the ground and watched him till the end, which did not come till the flames of the bonfire had died down and the antics of the dancer had dwindled to mere feeble gestures. Then the old sailor divested himself of his disguise, put it away in the hole, and sank down at Walter's side, wheezing and exhausted.

"That's what old Bob Kent's for—to play the ghost," he panted, producing a bottle of rum and taking a long pull. "For nigh fifty year I had to kick up that racket, best way I could, with a conch shell; but young Zohrab ain't a bad sort and he saw I was getting weak in the bellows, so he had that engine sent out from Europe."

"It's to frighten people from landing here?" said Walter.

"Aye, and it fills the bill," laughed old Bob. "That land yonder is another atoll, with a heap of islands inside, and ever since old Cap'n Rube Belcher landed here seventy year ago we've been a-deluding the natives of them islands. They sees me two nights a week a-dancing in front of the bonfire and a-shrieking, as they think, and they gives us a wide berth according."

"A strange life you've led! I wonder you never got tired of it and tried to break away," was Walter's comment.

"What for should I be such a fool?" exclaimed Kent scornfully. "They find me in as much rum and bacca as I can drink and smoke, and they has slops out from England for me as befitting an able seaman of the Port of London. What more do I want?"

"Well, at your age you ought to be better housed than in that miserable hut in the jungle," suggested Walter.

"No error about that," agreed the old man emphatically, "that's that swab Hussein's doing. Till he come to the front I had a room in the palace, but he was down on me because I was a favourite with Zohrab, and so I had to clear out and live in the jungle. Afraid I should talk English with the Sultan, he was, and make him uneasy with his lot."

"What's the secret of his power over Zohrab?" Walter asked drawing forth the vague opinion that "Gord only knew—mebbe 'twas witchcraft." Hussein, it seemed, was the son of the native who had acted as vizier to Zohrab's father, and on the latter deciding to send his son to England to be educated, had been selected to accompany him and see that the secret of the island was preserved. Zohrab's father dying shortly after his son's return from Europe, Hussein had immediately become all powerful, even to the extent of banishing his own father—the late Sultan's head man—from the island.

From what the old sailor went on to say, Walter gathered that his own preconceived idea of the state of things at Jogore was correct—by fair means or foul, Hussein meant to check Zohrab's European tendencies and keep him isolated from the outside world.

"A mortal pity, too! the youngster's a perfect gentleman," concluded Bob Kent, oracularly wagging his head. "And they old doings is too far in the past to matter now, as all the old crew but me is gone to Davy Jones."

"What old doings? You mean the way in which Zohrab's grandfather, your old captain, got so suddenly rich?" hazarded Walter.

But the old man shook his head with a curious puckering of the wizened parchment face. "I daresay you're a very nice young feller, and a good officer," he said, "but there's fathoms of difference between saving a man's life and making him your father confessor. I don't know you well enough, Mister, to let on more than I have, and I must be getting back."

He rose to his feet; but, before going back to his boat, he took Walter a little way along the ridge, and showed him a hiding-place, in which was a supply of food and drink, kept there in case he should sometimes elect to remain on the outer reef between his ghostly performances. Adding a beaker of fresh water from the boat, he promised to come with more supplies on the next night but one.

"This yere atoll is thirty-five mile round," he continued. "Tain't no good your biding at this spot all

the time, because no ships would pass through the channel atwixt this and the next 'un. But if you works along a matter of ten miles there's open sea in front, and you might sight a vessel to take you off. It's a hundred chances agin it, though. I expect I'll find you here the day after to-morrow."

With which gloomy forecast the ancient mariner proceeded to shove off his boat, helped by Walter.

"You will bring me news of the ladies?" were the latter's last words, as the dinghy shot out into the lagoon.

"Aye, lad, if I have to go to young Zohrab himself for it," floated across the oil-smooth water from the receding boat.

Secure in Bob Kent's assurance that no human being but himself ever visited the reef, Walter flung himself on the ground, and, almost literally "tired to death" with the experiences of the past forty-eight hours, slept a dreamless sleep till the sun was high in the heavens.

All that day he spent in wandering along the circular reef, keeping to the seaward side of the ridge, so as to avoid being seen from the island in the lagoon. But wherever there was sufficient cover to hide him, he crept to the inner beach and rested his eyes longingly on the green island. Jogore sparkled like an emerald gem set in silver; but though he thought he caught a glimpse of the white "Palace" among the trees inland, the distance was too great to note details. He could, however, plainly make out the steam-yacht *Tulcar* lying at her moorings by the little pier amid a cluster of dhows and smaller native craft.

The seaward side of the atoll had for him, if less of interest, greater possibilities, but he scanned the expanse of water in vain for a vessel that should take him off. Once or twice he was sorely tempted to signal to some fishing boats in the offing, but he restrained himself on remembering Kent's advice to do nothing of the kind. Such boats, the old man had told him, would either belong to Jogore, in which case his presence on the atoll would soon be known to Hussein, or to the nearest island, whose inhabitants would take him for the sea-demon and flee at the sight of him. A European or American ship alone could serve his turn, and none such appeared.

Towards evening, when he was at a spot about ten miles from the steam-siren, he saw a sight which inspired him with an idea. He had taken advantage of some low-growing shrubs to treat himself to another distant view of Jogore, and his gaze was at once arrested by a large dhow which had just left the pier and was standing across the lagoon towards the atoll. She was heading for a point on the reef a mile ahead of him, and as her destination could only be the open sea, it struck him that she might give him a clue to the secret entrance to the lagoon.

Glad to be doing something with a definite aim, even if no immediate good could come of it, he hurried forward so as to reach the place before the dhow. Keeping to the flat sand on the seaward side of the ridge, he got a level surface where he could run his hardest, and where also he was invisible from the lagoon. So closely did he time his arrival that he had to fling himself flat on the ground to avoid being seen from the dhow as she emerged from the atoll barely a hundred yards ahead of him, and went skimming like a huge brown sea-bird away to the south.

The light was falling fast and he had not long to wait before it was safe to move on and explore the passage through the reef. It was not more than sixty feet wide at its broadest part, and, as Walter had expected, it depended for its invisibility on the intricacy of the channel. From the seaward mouth it zig-zagged at an acute angle, thus to passing vessels giving the effect of there being no break in the reef at all. The delusion was aided by the fact that tall cocoa-palms were growing, or had been judiciously planted, at the angles of the x shaped channel, of which there were several more before the lagoon was reached from the sea.

Recollecting that Jogore was well furnished with the resources of civilisation, and that a telescopic watch would be surely kept from the island on the only weak spot in its armour, Walter waited till it was almost dark before examining the inner mouth of the channel. Here also the passage cut into the reef at an acute angle, the entrance being similarly veiled from the lagoon, and making it as difficult for a strange vessel to get out as to get in. There were evidences that on this side dredging was necessary to free the mouth from the silt of the shallower sea-bed.

There were evidences also of something else. In retracing his steps across the reef so as to familiarise himself with the tortuous twistings of the entrance, Walter tripped, and nearly fell into the channel. Looking for the cause of the stumble he found that he had caught his foot in a wire which ran along the brink, and finally dipped into the water at the very centre of the reef, where the ground being highest the course of the channel lay between banks forty feet high.

He gave an involuntary whistle. From his service in the Royal Naval Reserve he could form a shrewd guess as to the uses of that wire.

"So Zohrab wasn't gassing about the submarine mines," he muttered. "And a very good place for them, too. If they are properly laid these banks would fall in and crush a ship, as well as the bottom being blown out of her."

He had brought food with him from Bob Kent's store, and he decided to pass the night in the neighbourhood of the channel through the reef. It had a strange fascination for him, as the route through which succour must come to Maisie, if it ever came at all; as the route by which, when succoured, she would return to the outer world. He found a sheltered nook under the lee of the backbone of the reef, and presently lay down to sleep.

He knew not how long he had slept when he awoke with a sudden start—for no reason that was immediately apparent. The night was intensely still, starlight, as usual under that cloudless sky when the south-west moon does not blow, without a moon. There was not so much as a murmur in the giant leaves of the cocoa-palm overhead to account for his awakening, yet there he was, sitting up, warily watchful, and listening with all his ears.

And then suddenly, within ten feet of him, there broke

the silence the sound of a cough—probably the successor of another that had roused him—and a man's voice said: "If the sharks didn't get him he must have landed on this atoll right enough. But the thing looks to be fifty miles in circumference. It would take us three days to hunt him down, and we haven't the bally time, if we're to run the original programme and cable the news of the diver's work from Bombay within a week of our arrival."

Walter rolled himself on his side and peered over the top of the ridge. He was almost within touching distance of Powlett Ferrars and his confidential scoundrel, Laban Booth. Beyond them, close inshore, lay the *Sea Hawk*, her cabin ports ablaze with light, and so near that he could clearly make out Lena's white dress on deck. One of the ship's boats was drawn up on the strand.

Walter rolled back and lay still for his life. He knew what had happened. For some reason Ferrars had returned to the miniature atoll where he had been left for dead, and had found the stone writing which he had formed as evidence against his would-be murderers. That hasty inscription on the site of his grave had contained the information, he remembered, that he was about to swim for the land opposite. He had noticed, before night fell, a patch of coral in the offing, which might well have been the scene of his premature burial.

"There's another point," came the unctuous tones of Laban Booth after a pause. "We ought to chuck more than half our present crew before we start man-hunting. There are at least a dozen too beastly virtuous to be trusted in case we find Lynden, and finish the job we seem to have bungled."

"And chief amongst them the diver, Mark Telfer," replied Powlett Ferrars with a curdling oath; "well, we will run up to Bombay then, serve my brother's turn by sending home the cablegrams, and come back here with a re-assorted crew. We can pick up some plug-uglies that will stick at nothing in the sailor's houses along the Duncan Road."

"Right, but I shouldn't part with Telfer," replied Booth smoothly. "It would be a sight safer to treat him the same as Lynden in the end, but we may want him first if we can persuade that old nigger from Seluga to talk true."

"So be it then," assented Ferrars. "To Bombay first, then back here to make sure of Lynden—after that, the treasure. I always thought I should make a good pirate, given the chance."

With which the pair went crunching down the beach and put off to the *Sea Hawk*, which at once steamed away to the northward.

CHAPTER XVII.

BETWEEN TWO DEVILS AND THE DEEP SEA.

LONG before the lights of the *Sea-Hawk* vanished Walter realised the true meaning of the conversation he had overheard. It meant that he had two distinct sets of enemies to baffle. Hussein Ali and his followers on the island in the lagoon on the one hand; on the other, the white scoundrels who would come from the sea.

Allowing four days for the voyage to Bombay and back, and two more for the engagement of sufficient scoundrels for his purpose, it would be nearly a week before Powlett Ferrars reappeared at the atoll. On any of the other islands of the Maldiv group Walter would have had no difficulty in getting away in a native craft in the interval, but from Jogore, which by the neighbouring islanders was considered uninhabited save by a screeching demon, it was doubtful if he would find an opportunity.

The position resolved itself into this—that if he did not fall into the hands of Hussein Ali during the next few days he would in all probability be recaptured by equally ruthless foes of his own colour.

After this momentous interruption further sleep was impossible. Having watched the *Sea-Hawk* out of sight he lay pondering the chances, and the first thing that occurred to him was that Ferrars must have been somehow posted in the popular belief that the atoll was uninhabited; otherwise he would never have taken the risk of leaving him there. This fact of his being so left at large for a week also showed that Ferrars was ignorant of a channel through the reef to an inhabited island inside.

This incomplete knowledge on the part of Ferrars recalled to Walter's mind the mention of Laban Booth, of the "old nigger from Seluga," from whom the two rascals proposed to force information about the treasure. This man, he reflected, was probably the old native who had come out to the *Sea-Hawk* with the statement that the treasure had been removed on the morning of their arrival upon the scene of the sunken wreck.

The supposition was that the old native had visited the *Sea-Hawk* again, after Telfer had fished up the bogus articles thrown overboard, and that Powlett Ferrars, having served his brother's turn, had decided to play for a stake of his own in securing the actual treasure. In which case, thought Walter, there were lively times coming for secretive Jogore; for, whether the treasure was really at the bottom of the mystery of the island or not, Powlett Ferrars, in hunting for him on the atoll, would certainly discover the channel by which Zohrab's luxurious stronghold was approached.

Walter's chief anxiety in reviewing this new combination was with regard to the effect it would have upon Maisie. So far, it was true, the ladies believed themselves to be voluntarily remaining on the island by the choice of Mrs. Sellon. But he had grave fears that if Maisie's mother expressed a wish to go Hussein would interpose obstacles which would grow into forcible detention. Zohrab's mentor and virtual master was not the man to jeopardise the carefully guarded secret of years by blazoning it to the world through the mouths of a couple of Englishwomen, the story of whose rescue would soon be published in three continents.

The question remained: would Maisie and her mother be better off after the return of the *Sea-Hawk*, avowedly manned with a selection of ruffians from the slums of Bombay? Powlett Ferrars, guilty already in intention of

murder, he knew to be absolutely unscrupulous, and his allusions to a search for the treasure and to "being a good pirate" did not foreshadow an early return of the *Sea-Hawk* to a civilised port. If her commander meant to end his broken career in such fashion Walter trembled for Maisie's fate should she fall into his hands.

On the other hand there was a glimmer of hope in the presence of Lona Ferrars on the *Sea-Hawk*. Bad as she was, she was after all an Englishwoman, and he could not believe that she would stand by and see a girl of her own race maltreated. There was, however, the fear that her brother would send her home to England before practically stealing the Company's steamer and embarking on crime.

With no boat at his disposal, Walter was powerless either to recross the lagoon and return to the island, or to put to sea in the hope of being picked up and eventually bringing armed assistance. He had no choice but to wait till the old sailor came back for his next ghastly pantomime on the atoll, and, though Kent was not due till nightfall, so eager was he for news that he started at dawn to make his way to the steam-siren.

He found the spot just as he had left it on the previous morning, the "hooter" standing gaunt and silent under its black casing of tarpaulin close to the ashes of the burned-out bonfire. The long hours, varied only by necessary visits to the food store, dragged horribly, and by the time the sun sank into the sea he had worked himself into a fever of expectation. The situation was beginning to tell upon his nerves, and he laughed to think that his sheet anchor was a feeble old man of doubtful past who could scarcely stand upon his feet.

It had been pitch dark for a couple of hours when the welcome grating of a boat's keel caused him to rush down to the shore of the lagoon. It was Bob Kent, sure enough, but not Bob Kent alone. A little figure, whom Walter had no difficulty in recognising as Joanna, Zohrab's pretty sister, rose from the bottom of the boat and climbed over the gunwale on to the beach. A more widely different couple could never have attempted the dangers of the deep alone together.

"I allowed it was best to bring her; she knows the ropes over you better nor me, and she's well favoured toward ye," said the old man, with a jerk of his thumb at his companion. "You have your palaver while I pick up wood and build the fire against the next time the ghost walks. 'Twon't be to-night as there's been a steamer seen hereabouts."

He plodded on over the ridge to the sea-shore, leaving Walter face to face with Joanna. Her first words thrilled him with a prescience of coming evil. He could not see the expression of her face in the darkness of the overshadowing palm-trees, but her voice sounded full of emotion.

"I love my brother Zohrab, Mr. Englishman, and I would suffer a thousand years in purgatory—yes, I am still a good Catholic—to see him happy," she began. "But yet I am come to you to try to take from him the desire of his heart."

"I should be sorry for you to fall foul of your brother on my account," replied Walter, hoping to draw the explanation which with quick intuition he dreaded. "I would rather you quarrelled with Hussein if there's got to be trouble about me."

She had brought her stock with her, and walked along at his side some paces in silence. Then she suddenly stopped, and put her soft brown hand on his sleeve, peering up into his face.

"It is not on your account, or that of any man, that I would thwart my brother," she said impressively. "What I do for his sake alone. I was brought here by force against my will many years ago in the lawless times in Goa to wed my husband, and I grew to love my brother, who has been all to me, but never as I have loved the son that was born to us. Hussein has done many cunning things to make the boy miserable, but never has he planned one so cunning and so wicked as that which he is planning now."

"And what is that?" Walter asked, with his heart in his mouth.

Again the soft fingers beat a tattoo on his arm, though Heaven knows the answer Joanna had to make needed no emphasis to burn them in letters of fire on his brain.

"Hussein has made him love the English girl, Maisie Sellon," she said.

Walter had half expected the reply, and had braced himself for it. He even managed a sorry attempt at a laugh.

"I am afraid your brother's wooing will be up-hill work," he said hoarsely.

His manner caused a quick change in the woman's tone. Scanting a disparagement of her brother's attractions she snapped out the one word:

"Why?"

Walter Lynden was only a simple-hearted British sailor, but his common sense told him that he was on too delicate ground for confidence; to a woman who honestly professed neither to have his interests or Maisie's at heart. It had been on the tip of his tongue to reply: "Because Miss Sellon has promised to be my wife." Instead of that he said:

"Because English ladies do not fall in love so lightly."

His words seemed to cause Joanna some amusement.

"They've got to in Jogore if they're wanted," she said.

"You mean she would be forced?"

"I was," said Joanna ominously. "And there's more in this than a mere love affair on Zohrab's part. It is all one with Hussein's scheme for making him content to remain here as he is. Jogore is the real bride to whom Hussein would wed him, hoping not only to content him thereby, but well knowing that after compelling union with a shipwrecked English girl it would be impossible for him ever to dwell among the English. The act would have cut him off for ever."

"That then is your motive for objecting to this dastardly business?" said Walter with unintentional sarcasm.

"Yes, chiefly, because my brother would be miserable as

soon as the flush of passion had passed, finding that his dream of living the white man's life could never be fulfilled. But there is also another reason. How can I, Joanna of Goa, stand by and see Zohrab mated with the daughter of a fat woman who has called me a figure of fun?"

The objection was as unassailable as at another time it would have been ridiculous. As it was, Walter halted the element of slighted vanity with delight, as securing to him this strange creature's co-operation in preventing the outrage. He had yet to learn to his horror to what lengths she was prepared to go for that purpose, or he would not have fed the fire of her wrath with profuse expressions of disgust at Mrs. Sellon's insult.

They had reached the top of the ridge now and could dimly see old Kent on the sea-beach picking up sticks. Zohrab's sister pointed her stick at the feeble, doddering figure, and laughed.

"There's the wreck of a pirate, and here," tapping her chest, "is the wreck of a pirate's daughter," she said. "A curious pair to stand between a girl and what's hanging over Maisie Sellon, eh? Yet we are going to try if you have got the heart and the will to help."

Walter had been on the point of telling her of the expected arrival of the *Sea-Hawk*, and of suggesting that for Maisie, though not for him, there might be escape that way. But, as Joanna seemed to be prepared with a definite plan, he decided to hear it first. By the time she had finished he was glad enough that he had kept the *Sea-Hawk* "up his sleeve." He expressed his willingness to run any risks to get Miss Sellon out of Jogore.

"Englishmen don't desert their fellow-countrywomen in distress," he said, with difficulty restraining himself from adding that he would cheerfully be tortured to death a hundred times to save Maisie from the fate that threatened her.

"Then listen to my plan," Joanna proceeded. "Hussein's men are hunting for you all over the island, believing you to be hiding in the jungle. I shall persuade him, by the mouth of one of my few faithful ones, that you are dead. Thus the search for you will not be extended to the atoll, to which no one but the old man Kent ever comes. I must then use all my wits to bring the English girl to you here, when, by dragging the boat across the atoll to the sea you would be able to escape with her to one of the nearest islands."

"But how would you and Kent return to Jogore?" asked Walter.

"Kent says he can steal a boat and tow it," was the reply. "There is no trouble about small things; of that kind; the difficulty will be to get the girl out of the palace and to the boat. There is, too, the chance that she may refuse to leave without her mother."

"You could not bring Mrs. Sellon as well?" suggested Walter.

Old Joanna laughed grimly.

"The stout lady wouldn't come," she replied. "Mrs. Sellon is playing Hussein's game, and is in a fever to have Zohrab, with his gold and his jewels, for a son-in-law. She it is who puts most pressure on her daughter to receive my brother's attentions."

"And Maisie—Mrs. Sellon? Is she aware of all this?"

"She cannot mistake Zohrab's feelings, but she does not yet know that no choice will be given her, and that she is a prisoner on the island. Mrs. Sellon even does not know that," said Joanna. "They will both be informed of it to-morrow, though, if I mistake not; for Hussein's strokes are always swift. But this is what I wished most to tell you; if I do not succeed in bringing the girl to you here on the atoll in the next five days you will know that I have failed, and you had better then escape from the atoll by yourself—if you can."

"I shall not attempt to do so as long as the English ladies are at Jogore," said Walter, inwardly fuming at the uselessness of his brave words. Single-handed, unarmed, and, above all, without the means of crossing the lagoon to the island, he would be no more good than if he were in London.

"You will be silly if you don't, and I will tell you why in a minute," retorted the woman with a short laugh. "Kent," she called out, "it is time we were gone. See to the boat."

With a muttered "Aye, aye, missie," the old sailor turned from the pile of drift-wood that he had collected and stumbled downwards to the shore of the lagoon.

Joanna followed, with Walter walking at her side and wondering why she did not give her promised reason for his "silliness" in wishing to remain on the atoll. As they neared the beach he reminded her of it.

"Wait till I am in the boat," she said grimly, and walked on in silence.

So it was not till Walter had pushed them off, and Kent had pulled some half-dozen strokes, that she vouchsafed enlightenment. Then across the water came her voice in quavering tones:

"After five days there will be no English ladies at Jogore to keep you here. If I do not get the girl out by the fifth day I will poison her on the sixth rather than let Hussein ruin my brother's life. That much at least I can ensure."

Walter uttered a cry of despair, then quickly pulled himself together. "There is still the *Sea-Hawk*," he told himself as he turned away to begin his ordeal of patience, an ordeal that grew more terrible with each succeeding night that passed without bringing Maisie, for four nights came and went with no signs even of old Kent, and by day nothing even crossed his distant vision to break the dull stagnation of his suspense.

Then, on the morning of the fifth day, something happened that might mean a great deal or nothing at all. The *Talwar*, Zohrab's steam-yacht, left the landing pier at the island, crossed the lagoon, and made for the channel through the reef.

Running over to the seaward side of the latter, Walter watched her as she steamed to the northward and dimmed into a mere smoke-wreath on the horizon.

(To be continued.)

Ruin His Twopenny Taste.

"WHAT'S this?" exclaimed Mr. Blykins, indignantly.

"Why, that's one of the Christmas cigars I bought you, dear," his wife answered timorously. "Are you displeased?"

"Displeased! I'm annoyed beyond words!"

"Are they so bad?"

"Bad! No! Everyone of 'em tastes like a sixpenny cigar. My taste for a twopenny smoke is totally destroyed, and if I go bankrupt buying tobacco it'll be all your fault."

And as he settled back in his chair and blew rings at the chandelier, he exclaimed under his breath: "It takes a woman to be thoughtless and inconsiderate."

Outwitted.

A SINGING competition was recently held at Acerrington in a circus. One competitor told what his song was—a very popular one in the district. Another competitor heard of it, and said he would sing it. A quarrel ensued. A third competitor arrived, and to his dismay found the pair quarrelling about his own selected song. He, too, got to quarrelling.

Another competitor, who had been a witness to the quarrel, laughed to himself, and going to the chairman, he said:

"Could you oblige me with first turn? My father's very ill, and I wish to get back as early as possible."

The request was granted, and the singer mounted the platform, and, to the discomfort of the trio of quarrellers, brought down the house with the song the three competitors were quarrelling about. It was "The Soldiers of the Queen."

The joke leaked out, and the singer scored a great and popular victory.

The Fitting Word.

THE lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth storey of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured, what would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose that you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth storey window and fell out, and again should find yourself not injured—now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come now," the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out at the twentieth storey window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty storeys below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

Johannesburg's Big Explosion.

THE recent explosion at the Boer arsenal in Johannesburg is by no means the first experience that our friends the enemy have had of the frightful powers of high explosives. Only three years ago they were favoured with what was probably the most fearful artificial detonation the world has ever known.

On February 19th, 1896, some fifty-five tons of blasting gelatine and ninety cases of detonators were lying in a train standing in a siding some 300 yards to the west of Johannesburg Station. Owing to the carelessness of a pointsman of the Netherlands South African Railway, a second train was inadvertently run into the first. The explosion that followed baffles all description.

It suffices to say that the fearful energy of the liberated gases tore a huge trench 300ft. long, 30ft. deep, and 65ft. wide in the stiff clay soil; that pieces of the engine were blown more than a mile away; that upwards of fifty people were known to have been killed, whilst the ghastly heap of mangled limbs, which filled upwards of twenty sacks, probably accounted for many others who were passing strangers and could not therefore be identified at the time. Needless to say, perhaps, all the adjoining home property was reduced to matchwood, and some 600 people were rendered homeless.

At this juncture the much-abused British mine owners stepped in and speedily subscribed £100,000 for the relief of the outcasts. This fact, however, has doubtless been long since forgotten by our friends, the enemy.

The cost in blood and money. What it would cost us if we made use of Delagoa Bay to reach Pretoria.
See next week's ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.



IT HAS BEEN A GOOD THING FOR THOUSANDS OF
WORKPEOPLE.

IN the ancient days of corn duties and before foreign competition was seriously felt in the grain markets, farmers held that the best thing for the agricultural interest was war. "Here's to a long and bloody war" was frequently the toast at the market ordinary, for these followers of the oldest industry on earth, who did not fight themselves, found that a protracted war meant famine, and famine meant high prices for their crops.

To-day the farmer does not find the outbreak of war particularly profitable to him, but other industries benefit largely, and both capital and labour employed in certain directions reap a magnificent harvest. Among these classes the conflict which has broken out in South Africa is popular on grounds far removed from political or ethical considerations, the very sordid ground of personal profit in fact. It has put and is still putting money in their pockets, and if they have any regrets on the score of the terrible toll it is levying upon the youth and manhood of the country, those regrets do not find very loud expression, as compared with their satisfaction at the benefits it brings to them.

The railway companies, and especially the system communicating with Southampton, have reaped a rich harvest, the whole of which is not yet garnered. Never have the boat trains from Waterloo been so

CROWDED WITH PASSENGERS,

never have so many specials for the conveyance of troops been dispatched over a railway system as have been running for the last three months on the South Western. Never has the goods yard at Nine Elms been so busy as it has recently been with the dispatch of stores, ammunition, baggage, camp furniture, and details of service equipment. And all this extra traffic has been undertaken and carried out without any stoppage of the ordinary traffic, save those of a temporary character trying to the patience of the regular passenger.

Shipping companies, too, have benefited to the extent of swollen receipts by the war. One well-known line—the Union Steamship Company—have half their fleet employed by the Admiralty for the exclusive transport of troops, in addition to which, each of their customary mail boats has been crowded with officers, and even with troops, going out at ordinary fares to the seat of war. The Castle line has had an equally prosperous time, and the Cunard, White Star, as well as many smaller companies, have vessels loaned to the Government for transport purposes at remunerative rates and at Government risk.

Down at the docks stevedores and labourers have been working almost night and day, either to discharge ships wanted in a hurry by the Admiralty, or to load the vessels commissioned to go to the Cape. Lightermen and carmen have also been kept busy, and ships' carpenters and joiners have somehow had to crowd six months' work into six weeks in order to

TRANSFORM OCEAN-GOING LINERS

into transports. "Chips," which is the name given to the ship's carpenter by nautical men, has been working at the highest pressure and at special wages, and no wonder one remarked, apropos of the rush: "This war has been as good for our fellows as the Diamond Jubilee was for our chaps who work on buildings."

Seamen and firemen, too, have reason to thank the Boers for their ultimatum. Before the war many of them were on strike for higher wages. Now ship-owners are ready to take all comers, and pay the increased rates. Again where the larger liners have been taken for transports, smaller vessels have had to become liners, and many ships which were laid up in the Thames, the Mersey and the Humber, have taken to tramping again in order to keep the cargo trade going, and seamen with a skipper's ticket, who, a few months ago, could not get a berth as mate, can find a bridge waiting for their command.

Marine engineers are also in great demand. Vessels which are to be brought into use, after lying idle maybe for years, must be overhauled and their machinery put in proper order, and when the engineers have made her ready for sea she requires an engine room staff, with the result that "greasers" are to-day going to sea at better wages than a second or third engineer could get in the summer.

Among those whose industry is concerned with the manufacture of food, similar prosperity is evident. The whole of the Army Service Corps has been sent from Aldershot to the Cape, and the baking for the troops of the Aldershot division has been let to contractors and civilian bakers can command almost their own price, not only from the contractors, but from other bakers who find it hard to get men.

Large quantities of jam, pickles and preserved foods have been shipped to South Africa, and the hands in the

factories where these delicacies come from have been working overtime, and outside every one of them even now are notices posted inviting girls and men to apply for work at good wages.

It is the same with biscuit factories and chocolate works, everything has been rush and hurry and overtime and special wages, for "shipping orders" of a magnitude not usually implied by the phrase have been coming in daily to all the reputable firms, the customers being the best of all to work for—the British Government.

Even in America the food requirements of the British Army have made things hum. The Government ordered twelve million tins of corned beef from the big Chicago firms, and the manufacture of this colossal quantity of "railway accidents," as Tommy Atkins has the bad taste to call it, has taxed the resources of Chicago to the utmost, accustomed though the people there are to big things.

Then each man of the "fifty thousand horse and foot, going to Table Bay," has had to be provided with a special kit. To the great grief of the Boers, Tommy has not presented himself in a conspicuous red coat, but is fighting in khaki, and as khaki uniforms are not worn in England, the Army for South Africa has

HAD TO BE COMPLETELY RECLOTHED.

In the Government Army Clothing factory at Pinlco the pressure of work has been tremendous, but the quantity of clothing and the speed with which it had to be made was more than the department could cope with, even by the employment of additional hands and the reckless expenditure of overtime. Huge contracts had to be given out to tailoring firms and in these factories men and women have for weeks been earning double their ordinary wages, while the factories have been crowded to an excess which in times of peace would have caused considerable unpleasantness with the Factory Inspector.

A similar state of things has existed among army bootmakers. Contracts have had to be given to outside firms, and in Leicester and Northampton boot hands have been so busy that at a recent Saturday afternoon football match between the towns there was only a handful of spectators. The crowds which ordinarily would have been there cheering and shouting and perhaps quarrelling, were working overtime, and even

FOOTBALL HAD TO TAKE A BACK SEAT.

Packing-case makers and coopers, and consequently saw-mill workers, are all feeling the benefit of the war boom. The vast quantities of food, ammunition, and reserve stores of all kinds, which are going to the front, must be packed in cases or boxes, or crates or cases, and the men engaged in making these things are employed as they never were before in supplying the demand. Butchers and slaughterers are another class who have benefited considerably, and are likely to be kept busy while the war lasts, for fresh meat will be sent out in cold storage as soon as ever there are ships to spare for its transport.

Horse-breeders and cattle-breeders have found the war put something in their pockets. If the Government have not bought unseasoned and unbroken horses to any extent, they have made heavy levies on the cattle of omnibus and tram companies, and these have had to go to the horse-breeders for animals to replenish their stud. The extraordinary demand for fresh meat, with which to feed our soldiers on their way to the Cape, has done a good turn to cattle-breeders, as they have discovered from the prices which wholesale butchers have given for their beasts in the markets, and by the same cause, cattle market auctioneers have pocketed something out of the war expenditure entailed upon John Bull.

It, of course, goes without saying that the workers in the Government small arms and ammunition factories have been enjoying a good time so far as work and wages are concerned. In the factories at Bow, Edmonton, Woolwich, Enfield, Waltham Abbey, and Birmingham the pressure has been enormous, and here again it is likely to be continued, for fresh supplies of ammunition will have to be regularly forwarded to the Cape while the war lasts.

Saddlers and harness-makers have by no means been out in the cold, and colliery owners and colliers have reaped more than a trifling benefit from the boom in trade, for many of the transports have been coaled to run to the Cape without a stoppage.

"I HAVE the contract for supplying horses to the army."

"For the cavalry to ride, or the infantry to eat?"

"Most men," said the lodger, "are more amenable to ridicule than to reason."

"Yes, they are more easily guyed than guided."

"THERE'S a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

"I DON'T seem to have any luck with this poem. This is the third time it has come back."

"Suppose you put 'aged ten years' after your name, and try it on one of the children's page papers?"

A Tender-Hearted Boy.

WHEN I was a lad we lived at a house near which was a large pond. One day a friend of ours came with some little kittens, and asked if he could throw them in the pond as he did not want to keep them.

"Certainly," my mother replied, but he did not move, so my mother said:

"What are you waiting for?"

He replied: "Well, I hardly like throwing them in. Will you?"

"Go along and throw them in, and never think about it," my mother said, and so he went.

In a while he returned, and was greeted with the question:

"Well, did you throw them in?"

"Ye-es," he reluctantly replied, and added sheepishly, "Well, I didn't exactly throw them in, but I put them by the side, and I think they'll crawl in."

Sham Birthday Joys.

WHY do we celebrate birthdays? The average man, when his birthday arrives, calls his friends together and says: "Rejoice with me! I am a year older than I was twelve months ago!" And then he withdraws to his room to practice in the glass the assumption of a youthful and jaunty air. The average man hates to grow old. Why, then, does he act, when his birthday comes round, as if it were a joyful occasion?

Doubtless the solution of the mystery lies in the fact that we all abhor and dread our birthdays. In our secret hearts they are the most melancholy days of the entire year. We, therefore, try to drown our wretchedness in seas of simulated gaiety. We are afraid to face birthdays alone, so we call in our friends to come and watch by our side lest we be swallowed up by melancholy. Those same friends know that their own birthdays are coming, and they want in their turn the aid of other friends to help them through their successive years.

Therefore they join in the pretence that birthdays are joyous occasions, and eat and drink and make merry with as much assumption of pleasure as they could show were the course of birthdays to be reversed, and were they to mark our rejuvenescence instead of our progress toward old age.

Animals never celebrate birthdays. Savages, as a rule, know nothing of them. They are among the curses of civilisation. If we did not know the date of our birth we should be vastly happier, we could then conscientiously believe that we are several years younger than we really are. As it is, once every year the terrible fact that we are steadily approaching the age of grey hair and gout and wide-mouthed slippers forces itself upon us. And yet we never fail to celebrate our birthdays, and friends wish us many happy returns of them, and we know that we are all a company of transparent hypocrites.

A Lady who Makes False Teeth.

"Oh, I am not at all nervous," said the lady dentist. "Extracting teeth is just like anything else—you get used to it. I suppose I may say I was born in the dentist's chair, my father and grandfather both being dentists of high standing in their day."

"I first operated on a sister suffering from toothache. I was eleven years old, but having slyly watched my father extracting grinders, I knew pretty well how to handle the pincers. At fourteen my father decided to teach me all he knew, and the tuition was very pleasant to me. Don't think that dentistry is play work, it is difficult and tedious, and requires women of strong nerve and endurance, if high-class articles are to be produced."

"My first set of teeth were for the same sister who sat to me, unwillingly, for extraction years before. They were a misfit, and I cried over my failure. My next effort was more successful, but many provoking alterations were required before they were deemed wearable."

"I am making a set now for a comic opera artiste. She has commissioned me to use a gold plate, and has selected teeth of a pretty ivory colour to match her dark skin. A sensible woman—white teeth look very artificial against a cream-tinted complexion. I get a deal of work from theatrical people, always of the best order—the month plays a prominent part on the stage. In cases where ether is necessary, my uncle and a doctor attends; I administer gas unassisted."

"Are men nervous of the lady dentist? In my case I should say not very often, though some dentists of the sterner sex declare they are more fidgety than women, and ask for gas far more frequently. They are more easily satisfied when the set is fixed in place, not complaining like ladies that they will never become accustomed to eating with them, or that they are too large, too small, the teeth too prominent, and so on."

"Any eccentric customers? One gentleman was so anxious to palm off a set of teeth as the products of Nature that he would have an eye-tooth set crookedly, an operation which to secure proper fit necessitated the removal of the corresponding tooth in the lower jaw. Slightly decayed false teeth are manufactured in Paris to similarly deceive. Girls might do worse than become dentist's assistants; but, as I said, strong nerves and patience are requisite."



SHEFFIELD UNITED met all their seventeen opponents (several of them more than once), and went through the first half of this season without sustaining a single defeat.

SINCE 1875 the Rugby Union has altered its method of scoring, for the purpose of deciding a match, no fewer than six times. The method now in force was introduced in October, 1893.

E. W. TAYLOR, the celebrated Northumbrian half-back, has, after many "last appearances," permanently retired from football. Taylor has played for England under Rugby rules innumerable times.

As marking the steady progress of football in the South of England it may be noted that for the first time the Southern League had this season more representatives in the competition proper for the English Cup than had the Second Division of the League.

THE Plymouth Rugby Football Club possessed an unbeaten record for the season until Wednesday, January 17th, and right proud they were of it. Before entering upon the match in question, their figures were as follows: Played, 24; won, 22; drawn, 2; points for, 318; against, 50.

NOTTINGHAM FOREST possess the best home record of any of the eighteen clubs in the First Division, having lost only two points in ten games. The worst in this respect are Glossop, who are also the poorest performers on foreign soil, where they have secured but a single point so far this season.

As a result of the fillip which the recent visit of English players gave to Continental football, it has been decided to form a League of Viennese clubs. The League intends to devote all surplus money to improving the ground, helping poor clubs, and paying the expenses of a trainer from the Old Country.

WHAT is the value of a single goal? No fewer than eight of Liverpool's reverses this season have been brought about for want of a goal in each case, that is to say, one goal in each of these matches would have given them eight points, and instead of being No. 17 in the League table they would have been somewhere above No. 7.

PORTSMOUTH, as our readers are aware, is playing through the first season of its existence as a club. It is consequently the first year of its membership of the Southern League, and this may also be said of Queen's Park Rangers. It is, therefore, distinctly creditable to these two clubs that they should have reached the competition proper of the English Cup.

THE defeat of the Wanderers of Wolverhampton by Preston North End came as a shock to the supporters of the former club, for since October 25th the slip against North End is the only one made by the "Wolves" during fourteen engagements. During that period they annexed 21 goals to 9, and added no fewer than 22 points to their League total.

THE poverty of the exchequer from which some Southern association clubs are suffering is not confined to this district, and many clubs playing under the rules of the Northern Union are in a parlous state. Several teams have been asked to forego their wages, pending a bumper gate at home, and the early demise of many of these seceders from the Rugby Union is confidently predicted.

THE Bury football club have been playing remarkably well this season on their own ground at Gigg Lane, and they have defeated all the four clubs which figure above them in the First League table. The four clubs in question, Sheffield United, Aston Villa, Sunderland, and Wolverhampton only netted the ball once between them, the only team to draw blood being the United, while Bury put on nine goals and added eight points to their total.

ARE we in for a great contest between the Leagues and the Football Association? The Football League is quite satisfied with the present rule of the Football Association on the transfer question, which a sub-committee of the Association recommend should be altered. The Southern League have fallen in line with "the" League, and the issue of the difference will be awaited with interest, not untinted with anxiety, by all lovers of the dribbling code.

ELLIOTT VIVIAN, the famous Devon County and Devonport Albion centre three-quarter, has accomplished 3 unique performance this season. In four matches he was credited, "off his own bat," to borrow a phrase from the summer game, with sixty points out of 108. He scored nine tries, dropped one goal, kicked one penalty goal, and converted five goals from six attempts. Vivian is only twenty-one years of age, and many good judges consider him the finest centre three-quarter playing under the English Rugby Union at the present time.

SUNDERLAND will begin to dread their meetings with Burnley. The Lancastrians have beaten the Wear-siders three times in the last four matches.

It is stated that several professional clubs in the South are approaching a financial crisis. One Southern League club has collapsed, and rumour is busy naming other well-known teams which it is expected will be on the rocks before the present season closes.

SHEFFIELD UNITED and **Liverpool**, whose four meetings in the semi-final of the Cup last year are now matters of history, have progressed along diverse roads this season. At the close of the year 1899 Sheffield had gained thirteen points on their record of 1898-9, while Liverpool had lost no fewer than ten.

HERE is an odd coincidence in connection with the Anglo-Welsh Rugby International. Last year Wales, led by Bancroft, won by 26 to 3; this year it was exactly 26 to 3 when Bancroft reopened hostilities. Superstitious readers will agree that in face of such an omen another reverse for England was only to be expected.

THE opinion is held throughout North Staffordshire that Monday is an unlucky day for the Stoke club, and their results this season tend to strengthen this belief. Six Monday matches have been played, and though five of these have been contested at home the Potters have not once avoided defeat, scoring only five goals against seventeen.

THE advantage which a club derives from operating on its own inclosure received striking confirmation on a recent Saturday afternoon when not one of the nine visiting clubs in the First League matches was able to take away both points. Only three succeeded in drawing their games, the other six clubs being on the losing side.

She Used a Telescope.

DURING some volunteer manoeuvres at a seaside resort a certain colonel of one of the regiments, whose wife had insisted on accompanying him, occupied a house near the beach.

One day, while the colonel was resting comfortably in a big chair, his wife came to him and said:

"John, you must issue orders to have those horrid men bathe on the other side of the cliffs."

"But, my dear, they can't bathe over there," said the colonel. "It is impossible because of the cliffs. Anyway, you cannot see them where they are, now, as it is half a mile away."

"I know that," replied his wife, "but I can see them with the field-glass."

Kind to a Fault.

I HAD just seated myself at the table in the tea-room of a restaurant the other day when a well-dressed man came in with three little children, two girls and a boy. Noticing carelessly that the children were not dressed quite so well as the man who had charge of them, I wondered a little. I observed they took places near the table where I was seated.

"Now be sure you all behave properly and eat enough," the man said, "and don't talk."

Then he ordered all sorts of things for them, and very hungry they seemed, too, eating a most elaborate luncheon, while the man tasted nothing. When they had almost completed their meal, I heard him say: "Sit quiet a minute, and I will come back."

Then he slipped out in the crowd and went down the stairs. In a short time the waiter came up to the table, and asked anxiously of the happy trio:

"When is your papa coming back?"

"Oh, he isn't our papa," chorussed the joyous three. "We don't know who he is. He just asked us when we were looking in the windows if we wanted a good dinner, and we said yes, and he said: 'Come along, then,' and brought us here."

Then the children went down the stairs, and the police are still looking for the benevolent man.

"WHAT is a flirtation?"
"Attention without intention."

"THIS image, uncle, is a wood nymph."
"Is it? Well, by gosh! it's a first-rate imitation of marble."

"How on earth did you come to accept him?"
"Oh, he looked so cheap when he proposed I couldn't help taking him."

"DON'T tell me you won't," said a loving father to his five-year-old daughter.

"Well, papa, what must I say when I mean I won't?"

YOUNG LADY: "Give me one yard of— Why, haven't I seen you before?"

Draper's Assistant: "Oh, Maund, can you have forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer."

Young Lady (warmly): "Why, of course you did! You may give me two yards of this ribbon, please."

FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION.

£100 Prize Awarded Weekly,
OR
£50 in Consolation Gifts.

The football matches named below will be played on Saturday, February 17th. To the competitor who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If no competitor gives all the results FIFTY POUNDS will be paid in Consolation Gifts.

If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or WAN PICTURES.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's decision as final.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, February 17th, first post.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed put their name and address in the space provided, and send it to FOOTBALL No. 25, Pearson's Buildings, Fleet Street, W.C.
5. All coupons are at sender's risk, and if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.
6. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other place at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.

You should get the football coupon in WAN PICTURES. It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with this surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

SEE PAGE 540 FOR THE RESULT OF
COMPETITION No. 22.

Football Coupon No. 25.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 17th.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

1 Preston North End	2 Blackburn Rovers.
3 Notts Forest	4 Everton.
5 Glossop	6 West Bromwich Albion.
7 Stoke	8 Sunderland.
9 Burnley	10 Derby County.
11 Liverpool	12 Bury.
13 Aston Villa	14 Notts County.
15 Newcastle United	16 Manchester City.
17 Wolverhampton Wand.	18 Sheffield United.
19 Newton Heath	20 Small Heath.
21 Sheffield Wednesday	22 Lincoln City.
23 Gainsborough Trinity	24 Woolwich Arsenal.
25 Middlesbrough	26 Leicester Fosse.
27 Walsall	28 Luton.
29 Burton Swifts	30 Burnley.
31 Bolton Wanderers	32 Grimsby Town.

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

IF YOU PLAY FOOTBALL, SIGN THE COUPON ON THE FRONT PAGE.

475 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)
This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Fleet Street, London, W.C., and the certificate will be sent in exchange.

The famous regiments are turned into Picture Puzzles in the new competition beginning in next week's
ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS. Can you guess them?

Bad Cough all Winter.

"Was getting so weak and thin, we began to be much troubled about her."



MABEL FLORENCE WATKINS.
(From a photograph.)

That persistent, hacking cough hangs on because the system is weak. The reason most specifics only afford temporary relief is because they do not enable the system to overcome its own weakness, and thus have the resistive power to ward off a return of the trouble. The quicker people begin to think about the real standard of their health, and thus look beneath their chronic ailments, the sooner will they begin the treatment of their chronic ailments from an intelligent standpoint. You can prove the truth of this assertion by consulting any medical man in this or any other enlightened country. Indeed the whole practice of medicine is the helping of nature to help herself. The little girl whose photograph we herewith reproduce, was unquestionably in a low state of vitality, or she would not have had a bad cough all through the winter. The following letter tells about the treatment of her case:

Selborne, Minerva Avenue,
"Barton Road, Dover, Kent,
"15th May, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to testify to the value of Scott's Emulsion. My child, who had been suffering from a very bad cough all last winter. We tried everything we could think of, but all to no use. She was getting so very weak and thin, we began to be very much troubled about her. We thought we would try Scott's

Emulsion, and after the first bottle or so we could see she was improving. She made such headway that she lost the cough she had, and began to get quite strong again. Then she had a very bad attack of tonsillitis, which made her very bad again, but we persevered with the Emulsion, and I firmly believe, had we not done so, it would have gone hard with her. Thanks to Scott's Emulsion, however, she is well and strong again; in fact, she looks the picture of health.

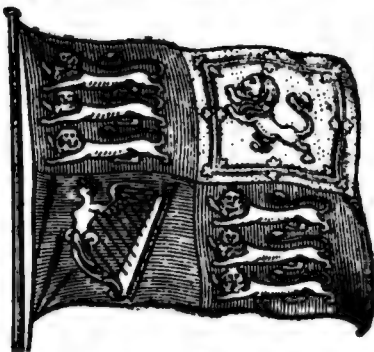
"I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) "F. S. WATKINS."

Thus you see the power of Scott's Emulsion to overcome the weak tendencies of the system. It is a specific for coughs and colds, and in fact all throat and lung affections, because it contains cod-liver oil and glycerine, both of which are standard remedial agents. But Scott's Emulsion is much more than a specific, because it presents the oil in a form that is easily digested and quickly absorbed. Consequently, when the oil is once in the blood, it quickly restores vitality to the system, and in this way raises the standard of health. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable, and easy for anybody to take.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

The Standard.

There is a Standard for everything. The Standard Remedy for Indigestion is Guy's Tonic. If you want the best curative Remedy you must therefore get Guy's Tonic. These are bold statements; we mean them to be so, because they are so easy of proof. One 1/1½ bottle of Guy's Tonic will prove its efficacy. The first dose will give relief, further doses will effect curative results. It never fails to do good. We have received thousands of letters about Guy's Tonic. They all speak of the good that it does and the cures it effects.



The great increase in the sale of Guy's Tonic is wonderful. The sale for 1899 was 50 per cent. greater than 1898, and upwards of 150 per cent. greater than 1897. In other words, the 1899 sales were nearly three times as large as in 1897; while the Value for money, owing to our concession

in price, is more than twice as great. This means that Six times as much Guy's Tonic was consumed in 1899 as in 1897.

Taken immediately after each meal Guy's Tonic mixes in the Stomach with the Food you have eaten and helps to Digest it. It further stimulates a flow of Gastric Juice, and increases the efficiency of the Digestive Functions themselves. Food is therefore enjoyed because Digestion is easy and natural. This does away with Pain and Discomfort after Meals, Wind, Acidity, Heartburn, and Water-Brash.

Guy's Tonic gently compels a Sluggish Liver to greater activity, whilst thinning and rendering less resinous the Bile in the Gall Bladder. This makes the Blood purer and freer from biliary poisons, so that the drag on the Energies and Depression of Spirits are removed, and you become more Buoyant, Cheerful and Energetic.

The Digestion of Food in the small Intestine is also better and more completely performed when the Liver is rendered active and in good working order by the use of Guy's Tonic. You are hereby freed from the poisonous Gases bred by Decomposing and Undigested Food, the cause of Flatulence and painful Distension. The Natural Functions are also brought at the same time into a Healthy, Normal condition.

Convalescence after Influenza and exhausting illness.

Mr. B. HOWARD, the Evangelist, of Ryall Grove, Earl's Croome, Worcester-shire, writes:

"After a bad turn of Influenza I know 'nothing on earth so suitable as Guy's Tonic to build up the wreckage, Vitalise the System, and give one Nerve Force. When I received the Tonic I said to Mrs. Howard, 'Now this is Life itself,' and if in future these enlarged bottles of Guy's Tonic are to be sold for 2s. 9d. the Public will find Guy's Tonic not only Best but Cheapest."

Mr. JAMES CORNFoot, of 6 Middle Row, Faversham, writes:

"These last five months I have been 'unable to do any work whatever, and for over three years I have been 'wasting away with a horrible Cough. After taking six doses of Guy's Tonic I have been making rapid strides to recovery. I can now walk about quite briskly, whereas before it was a trouble for me to get down stairs."

Popularity of Guy's Tonic Proved.

The Manager of Parke's Drug Stores, Electric Avenue, Brixton, says: "The sale of Guy's Tonic has been so great that it has been a case of almost 'nothing but Guy's.'"

Hayman's Stores, 256 Brixton Road, S.W.: "Our sale has been more than doubled."

The Manager, Francis & Sons Ltd., Brixton Road, S.W.: "We sell and have sold a large quantity of Guy's Tonic, and find there is an increasing demand for it."

The Manager at Francis & Sons Ltd., High Road, Balham, S.W., says: "I have sold a large quantity of Guy's Tonic and find the demand increasing. I was 'down at Taunton recently, acting for a large chemist, and I noticed Guy's Tonic had a tremendous turnover. Customers spoke well of it, and Doctors recommended it."

The Manager of Parke's Drug Stores, High Road, Balham, S.W., says: "On an average he sells a gross of Guy's Tonic per month, and that customers 'speak well of it.'"

Chapman's Stores, High Road, Balham, S.W.: "We are at present selling more Guy's Tonic than any other medicine."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

WAR
PICTURES
2d.

To Asthma Sufferers.
Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of
Potter's Datura Asthma Cure.
Sold by all Chemists and Herb-
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THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

NESTLE'S
THE BEST OF ALL FOODS FOR
INFANTS and INVALIDS.
VERY NOURISHING AND PALATABLE.
DOES NOT CURDLE IN THE STOMACH.

ALSO INVALUABLE FOR BABIES IN THE TIME OF WEANING.
Sample Tin with Medical testimony sent free in the BRITISH ISLES on application to H. NESTLE, 43 Cannon Street, E.C.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

A Dirty Coffee Pot will spoil the strongest infusion, so wash and dry the coffee pot each day after use.

Bread should always be kept in an earthenware pan, with a wooden cover, and both should be washed at least once a week, and dried in the air.

When Serving Beetroot save a little of the liquor it was cooked in and add to the vinegar and oil. This improves the flavour of all.

The Paraffin Stains on your Carpet will be difficult to take out at home. I should strongly advise your sending the carpet to a good cleaner's at once. (Reply to WATKINS.)

Russian Toffee Boil for quarter of an hour a tin of preserved Swiss milk with two pounds of coarse brown sugar, a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla and piece of butter the size of an egg; stir continuously, and when cooked sufficiently, it should be of the consistency of caramels.

Brilliantine for the hair is made as follows: Mix together two drachms of castor oil, six drachms of almond oil, one drachm of essence of bergamot or jockey club, and two drachms of rectified spirit. Shake well, and it is ready for use. I am sorry I cannot tell you how to make bay rum. (Reply to E. H. CHAPMAN.)

Egg Toast may tempt the appetite of your invalid; at any rate, it is quite worth trying. Prepare French toast, which is made by toasting a piece of bread on one side only, and buttering it, while hot, on the side that is not toasted. Over this spread a well-beaten egg, delicately flavoured with pepper and salt. Heat this gently before the fire and serve. (Reply to NURSE, Chiswick.)

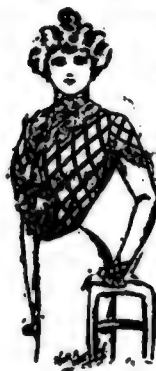
To Take Grease from Stone Steps. Pour strong boiling soda water over the spot, lay on a little fuller's earth, made into a thin paste with boiling water; let this remain all night, and if the grease be not removed, repeat the process. Grease may sometimes be taken out by rubbing the spot with a hard stone, not hearthstone, using sand and very hot water with soap and soda.

This Frying Batter appears to be what you require. Out two ounces of butter into small pieces, pour on it a gill of beer or salad oil. Work into this sufficient flour to make it of the proper consistency and a pinch of salt. Let the batter soak for two hours, and just before using add the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Dry the fish and flour it before dipping into the batter. (Reply to POLLY.)

Six Explanations. The following six terms used in cookery may help the amateur to understand recipes more clearly. To "parboil" is to half cook in boiling water. To "bind" a mixture is to make it moist with egg or milk so that it will hold together and not crumble. To "shred" is to slice it so finely with a sharp knife that the shreds curl. To "scald" vegetables is to pour boiling water over them for two minutes and then strain. To "brown" meat is to place it in a frying-pan or saucepan with a small quantity of fat, not turning it till brown. To "core" an apple or pear is to remove the heart, which can be done when whole by a corer, or in quarters by a knife.

It has Changed its Name.

I wonder for how many seasons we have been told, "Blouses are going out this year." Yet here they still are, although they are called "blouses" no longer. "Bodice" is the correct expression if you wish to be up-to-date, for these charming creations are usually worn with a skirt to match. A pattern of a very becoming "bodice" is given away with HOME NOTES this week. The small sketch in the margin will give you some idea of it. It would be charming in a bright shade of cashmere, trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet. On no account trust to your eye in sewing on this trimming, but calculate the distance with a tape-measure, and plan out your lines with tacking-threads or tailor's chalk. The lace employed is coarse, that at the neck being laid on over cream satin. Ends of lace finish the front. If you have been sufficiently lucky to pick up any remnants of accordion-pleated chiffon at the sales, that fabric might be substituted for the lace.



To Scour Knives Easily mix a small quantity of baking soda with emery powder, find bath-brick, or coal ashes, and the knives will polish well.

Jam Sandwich. Cover a baking sheet with thin pastry, spread it thinly with jam, cover with another layer of thin pastry, and close the edges. Bake, and then cut into neat pieces to resemble sandwiches, sift sugar over and serve.

Never Take a Heavy Meal when Over-tired, but wait until you are rested a little. While the body is exhausted, digestion is imperfect. Sleep, by all means, but postpone the meal till less fatigued.

Curry Pasties. Take some cold meat, and free it from skin, fat, and gristle. Chop the meat very finely, season it with pepper, salt, and curry powder, and moisten all slightly with good gravy. Line some patty pans with good pastry; place in each a tablespoonful of the mince, and cover with pastry rolled thin. Bake in a sharp oven till cooked.

Wash Flannel Trousers in a lather of boiled soap and lukewarm water, and rinse in tepid water. Have ready some clean cloths, wrap the garments in these, wring till nearly dry, then hang in the shade. Should there be any stains on the flannels, rub them with the yolk of an egg previous to washing, and they will be completely removed. If the garment can be passed through the mangle, when wrapped in the cloths, it is best, but all hooks or buttons must first be removed.

Liver Pudding makes an excellent dish for a family at a very small cost. Stew slowly a pound of liver, cut into pieces suitable for the pudding, in a small quantity of water for one hour and a half. Then season it with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, and add either some pieces of bacon fat or suet. Make a plain dripping crust, and line a quart basin, flour the liver and fat, pour in the gravy, scatter over a few pieces of onion, cover with crust, tie a cloth over, and boil for two hours. This, served with boiled potatoes and greens, will make a savoury meal for a small sum.

To Scour Boards. Pipeclay and water mixed together until they form a thick paste, and spread over the part where there is a stain, will take out the grease very soon. This is a foreign practice and a very successful one. Others prefer thickly covering the spot with dry fuller's earth; or, if this does not succeed, a mixture may be made of five parts of fuller's earth to one part each of pearl ash and soft soap, with boiling water to make a stiff paste. Lay this on quite hot with a stick and leave till next day, then scour it with soap or silver sand and water. For simply making the boards a good colour, and keeping them free from insects, use the following mixture: Four ounces of lime and three-quarters of a pound of sand to half a pound of soft soap. Lay this on the boards and scrub it in well; wash it off with clean water, and make it as dry as possible. If ink should be spilt on the boards it may be removed by the application either of spirits of salt or strong muriatic acid, and afterwards simply washed. For painted boards nothing is more cleansing than fuller's earth with or without soap.

Chocolate Eclairs. Put half a pint of water and two ounces of butter on to boil. When boiling, add four ounces of flour. Stir rapidly until the flour is thoroughly cooked, and you have a smooth, very thick, glossy-looking dough. Stand this aside until cool. Then add one whole egg without beating. Beat the mixture until the egg has thoroughly disappeared, add another, beat again, and another, until you have added four eggs. After adding the last one, beat thoroughly and continuously for five minutes. Put this mixture into a pastry bag. Press it through, drawing the pastry-bag slowly towards you on to a greased pan. Make the batter the length of the ordinary chocolate éclair. Bake in a moderate oven for about forty-five minutes. While they are baking make the filling. Put half a pint of milk into a double boiler, beat four eggs without separating, until light, add four teaspoonfuls of sugar and beat again. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornflour in a little cold milk, add it to the boiling milk. Stir continuously until it thickens, then add the sugar and eggs. Cook until smooth and thick. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and stand aside to cool. When the eclairs are done, if they have been properly made and baked the inside will be entirely hollow. Make a small opening at the most convenient place, put in a tablespoonful of the mixture and stand it aside on ice. Now put two ounces of chocolate, four teaspoonfuls of sugar and four of water in a small pan and stir over the fire until you have a smooth glossy icing. Drop the bottom of each éclair into this icing and stand them aside to dry. (Reply to CAROLINE.)

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we intend to reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. We shall give careful consideration to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE small investor is in a happy position just now, in that he has nothing to lose by waiting, and every time the market falls, an opportunity is vouchsafed to him to buy to advantage. Those who have a little spare money have a good opportunity of utilising it. Nobody supposes for a moment that Great Britain will not win in its struggle with the Transvaal, and all those shares which are unduly depressed, or upon which ultimate dividends of a satisfactory character may be expected, should be regarded with favour.

ANY further bad news, apart from permanent disaster, could not have much of a shaking effect upon South Africans; therefore, such things as Goldfields, Chartered, and East Rand should be worth picking up, always supposing that the buyer will pay for and lock them away, and will not be alarmed at intermediate fluctuations.

SINCE we gave it a hint to buy London and Globes, the shares have gone better, and had it not been for the rather bad news which has afflicted markets generally, more of a rise would have been seen. Of course, the shares are, in a way, speculative; but, inasmuch as they pay 10 per cent. dividends, with various bonuses, they should be worth holding when they are under par.

THERE is nothing at present to call promising in the Miscellaneous market. Liptons, Lyons, and all those things look too high. What is wanted is a good share at a cheap price. Bovril Deferreds ought to go better; but, when a dividend is reduced, a share is never popular. At the same time, at anything like the present price, these shares should be worth holding.

Among gilt-edged securities, Colonial Inscribed stocks, which yield about 3 per cent., should not be overlooked. The time cannot be far distant when they will be admitted to the list of Trustee investments, and they will then not be allowed to yield so much to the investor. Those who can afford to wait have a good opportunity of investing their money on a sound basis with a return of a little over 3 per cent.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

"A. E. J."—Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway stock is not likely to show much change from its present level, and you should therefore buy something else. "Consett."—If you want to buy a house you should do it through some other association than the one you mention. "Bader-Powell."—There are no Home Railway stocks which can be regarded as irrespective of market movements, except, perhaps, Preference and Debenture issues, which stand so high that they are unpropitious to buy. "F. S."—A safe 4 per cent. investment is Egyptian United. We cannot reply by post. "S. C."—Shipping shares have obvious disadvantages, and you should invest elsewhere. "P. S."—Local Loans are a good stock, but they have had a considerable improvement. "A. E. H."—A company is not bound to give you notice of the date of its next instalment. The Calico Printers is due on March 1st. "H. O. W."—Anglo-American Telegraph "A" stock represents 100. It is quite high enough at present. "E. S."—It would be advisable for you to transfer your money from the Benefit Trust. "H. G."—Provident bonds are an unpropitious investment, and you should take what you can get for them. "Confederate Loan."—Confederate Cotton bonds have no value, nor are they ever likely to improve. "A. K. S."—Hints to Small Investors were begun at the beginning of October. You can get the back numbers. "H. G. O."—You should not put your savings into mines, which are quite speculative. "C. S."—Lyceum Theatres are not a promising investment. An annuity is all right if you have nobody depending upon you; but you can, of course, not leave it behind. "E. M. F."—The Grocery and Provision Shop Association is not likely to prove a remunerative investment. "J. A. M."—Hannan's Napier and other mining shares are unpropitious. "A. J."—You should take the earliest opportunity of getting rid of them. "E. C. D."—Among the most promising of low-priced shares may be mentioned Bovril Deferreds. "Sulder."—Probably by this time you have received an answer; if not write again. "J. H. L."—Great De Knap mining shares should not be held save as a rather unpropitious speculation. "E. L. E."—The 5 per cent. Cumulative Preferences should be good enough to hold. Hannan's Oroya's are among the good West Australian, but we do not like the others in your list. "Anxious."—The decline in the shares you name was due to the unsatisfactory dividend. "W. W."—You must read a stamped envelope. "Consol."—North Eastern pays, not 8½, but 7½, per cent. The Consolidated stock is equivalent to the Ordinary stocks of other railways. "Irishman."—American Automatic Weighing Machine shares are unpropitious. We do not like the others. "B. C. B."—The Universal Stock Exchange, being an outside concern, is not suitable for you to do Stock Exchange business through. "E. M. A."—Witwatersrand Deeps are among the most promising of Transvaal issues; but, of course, everything depends upon the war. "P. A. W."—You cannot do better with your money than buy good-class Home Railways like North Western or Great Western. "CONSTANT READER."—North Easterns are quite good to hold as an investment. "M. E. L."—You can sell them through any broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange. "A. W." (Acorington).—Your letter was evidently overlooked. Will you please repeat your question. "A. H. J."—South Metropolitan Gas stock is quite a fair investment. "J. M."—We regret that we have not space to enter into our full reasons for taking certain views in reply to correspondents. We must leave it to them to accept or reject them. "F. C."—The Birkbeck Building Society is as good as any. "M. H."—Salt Union shares are high enough at present. "A. M. E."—The certificate in the Provincial Homes should, we think, be realised at its surrender value. "M. H." "M. E. L." "BROADSTAIRS." "J. H. L." "J. R." "H. O." "A. E. H." "P. S. B."—The name of a member of the Stock Exchange who will do small investment business has been sent to you.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated War News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

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RHEUMATISM.

BY REMOVING FROM THE BLOOD AND TISSUE THE EXCESS OF URIC ACID, FROM WHICH THIS AGONISING MALADY ARISES, KUTNOW'S POWDER GIVES SPEEDY AND CERTAIN RELIEF.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.
SAMPLES SENT FREE.

There is hardly any disease which attacks more persons and is more misery-causing than Rheumatism. It occurs in several forms, most of which are produced by an excessive generation of uric acid in the blood and tissue. The accumulation of this acid can only be stopped by restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity.

When from an over-indulgence in animal food, alcoholic liquids, or strong teas, coffees, and cocoas, the stomach, liver, and kidneys become weak and inactive, the entire system very frequently becomes poisoned with uric acid accumulations.

For ridding the system of these accumulations and relieving the rheumatism and other troubles they produce, nothing is equal to Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder. It restores all the digestive and excretory organs to a healthy, active condition, and dissolves and removes the uric acid formations from which the system has become poisoned.

Kutnow's Powder strengthens the stomach, liver, and kidneys to such a degree that the further generation of uric acid is stopped, and until continued carelessness in eating and drinking has again made these organs disordered and sluggish, no further attacks of Rheumatism are likely to occur.

Kutnow's Powder is an aperient in which the drastic, lowering, and nauseous features of the ordinary aperient medicine are entirely absent. It is composed of the most curative, healing, and purifying elements of the Continental mineral-spring waters, plus a few other simple and health-giving ingredients. It contains all the curative, cleansing, and medicinal properties of the most famous of these waters, without any of their undesirable properties. It remedies and relieves practically every ailment for which the wealthier class of people visit the Continental spas, and is found particularly useful in treating those diseases that arise from a sedentary life.

The use of Kutnow's Powder will purify your blood, sharpen your appetite, give renewed strength and activity, and in every other respect render the body and brain healthy and vigorous. It is cheap, palatable, and portable, and we do not expect anyone to purchase it until they have tried one of the samples we send free and post paid to anyone that applies. So write for a sample.

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KUTNOW'S POWDER may be obtained in capsuled bottles, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Price, in Great Britain, 2s. 9d. per bottle, or post free (in the United Kingdom only) for 3s. from the London office. See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Hirschsprung" (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd." are on the label and carton. Only these insure genuineness. Insist on "KUTNOW'S," and firmly refuse any substitutes; they are worthless.

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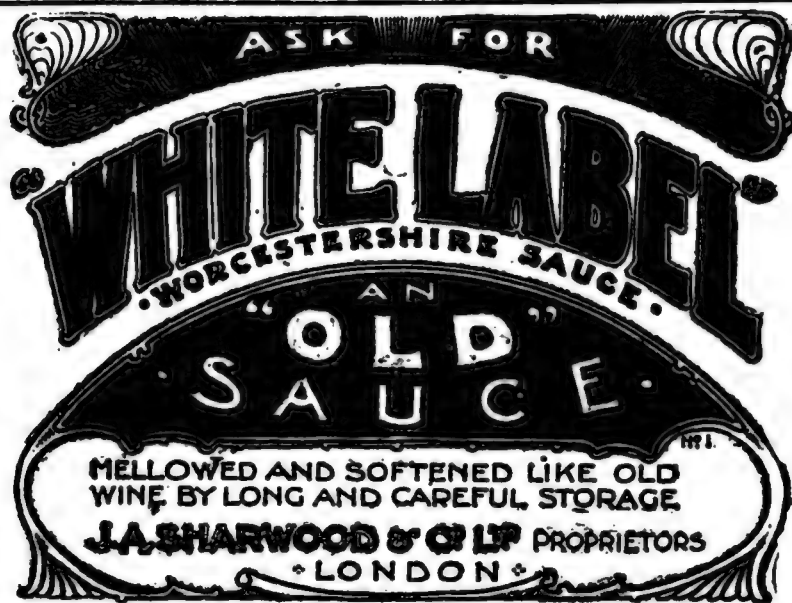
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 Samples of cloth dyed with Diamond Dyes and direction book sent gratis. DIAMOND DYES, 31-32 Snow Hill, London, E.C.



Over Seventy Years' Established Reputation.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S
For INFANTS, CHILDREN,
INVALIDS, and the AGED. **FOOD**

"ADMIRABLY ADAPTED
TO THE WANTS OF
INFANTS."

Sir Chas. A. Cameron, M.D.

To J. R. Neave & Co.
Sirs.—I enclose a photo of my little boy aged seven months, who has been reared entirely on 'Neave's Food,' and is as fine and healthy a child as could possibly be, never having known an hour's illness. I am constantly being asked by people—my doctor included—what I feed him on, and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending 'Neave's Food.' You can make what use of this letter you like.
Yours faithfully (Signed) MAUDE ROSSITER.

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.
A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901.
IF ITS IN P.W., ITS SO:

The Commonest Ailment of the Day

is malnutrition; that is to say, inability to derive benefit from the food taken. Food that does not digest is worse than wasted. The complaint which doctors most often hear is just this:

"I eat, but my food does me no good."

Food that fails to feed sets up Indigestion, Sluggish Liver, Headache, Lack of Appetite, Weakness, and recurrent Biliousness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

cure these ailments, and give new strength by enabling the blood to take up, and profit by, the food we eat. They add threefold to the nourishment; they clear the skin, improve the appetite, renew the energy; they are

A TRUE TONIC,

but they improve, instead of deranging, the digestion like other Tonics; they strengthen instead of weakening, as purgatives do. Therefore, take

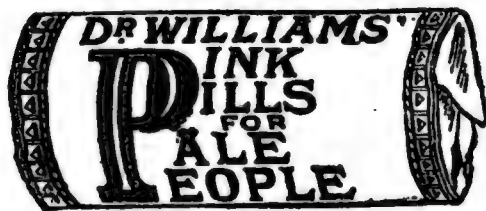
Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

(but mind you ask for Dr. Williams'), and be cured permanently and effectively,

NOT A PURGATIVE.

Purgatives weaken the digestion instead of aiding it, and owe their apparent and transitory effect solely to the temporary clearing of the stomach by purging.

Only genuine in pink wrapper like this.



Price, 2s. 9d.;

Six boxes, 13s. 9d.

(REGISTERED)

Substitutes never cured anything.

Mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

A LADY'S STORY OF PAIN.

To a reporter of the *West Notts Observer and Beeston Times*, Mrs. Rose Bull, of 18 William Terrace, Winsor Street, Beeston, Nottingham, made the following statements:—

"After the birth of my little boy my health went altogether wrong, owing to acute indigestion. I was utterly unable to take any kind of food, not even a cup of beef-tea, without suffering intense pain, and at last became so weak that I could not walk across the room without assistance. Two doctors held a consultation about my case, but in spite of all they did for me I grew apparently worse every day, so much so that my friends all said that I was not long for this world.

"One evening my father looked up from the paper he was reading, and said, 'Here is a report of a case almost like yours, which has been cured by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Why not give them a trial yourself?' But I had got it into my head that nothing could cure me. Still my father seemed impressed with the case he had read, and persuaded me to obtain a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I commenced taking at once.

"I know it seems very strange of me to say this, but it is a fact that after a couple of boxes I felt relief. On the third day I felt decidedly better, and after taking two boxes I was so much better that I was able to get out and about.

"I concealed from the doctors the fact that I was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they could not make out why I so suddenly took a turn for the better. My husband was both delighted and astonished to see me about again, and my neighbours could hardly believe their eyes. Since then I have taken two more boxes, making four in all, and I am now as strong and well as ever I was in my life. My mother says it's a miracle.

"I have no objection to the publication of these details. On the contrary, I think it is only my duty to help in any way I can to make the good properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills known. Had my father not persuaded me to write to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, I—well, I should probably have been in my grave at the early age of twenty-one."

THE ALLITERATION DID IT.

THE ignorance of the Boer farmer of everything outside the narrow surroundings in which he lives is proverbial, and much has been said and written at different times on the subject, but the following anecdote will be found to exemplify to a singular extent the truth of the statement that for information other than is contained in the pages of the Bible the average Boer is as ignorant as a new-born babe.

Some four or five months since, and just, perhaps, when race-feeling was at its worst in the Transvaal, three of the British South Africa Company's men, returning from a distant shooting excursion, found themselves on Boer territory, and, what was infinitely worse, overtaken on the open karoo by a heavy rainstorm. For miles round no shelter was obtainable excepting at a Boer farm some little distance ahead.

Unpleasant as the prospect was of having to beg shelter from a Transvaal farmer, it was just one remove better than spending a shelterless night on the open, sandy plain.

One of the party, however, Georgie Ferguson by name, had had many years' experience of the country and its inhabitants, both native and Dutch, and he undertook to bring matters to a successful termination and provide the others with a shelter for the night providing they did not betray their nationality. So, riding past the stone kraals and outbuildings to the red brick farmhouse beyond, the trio were encountered by a tall, shaggy-bearded specimen of the Boer farmer, rifle in hand, and with suspicion and hostility very much apparent in his ill-favoured visage.

Ferguson explained in his best Cape Dutch and most conciliatory tones, to which the Boer listened without budging from the doorway.

"What countryman are you?" he demanded, gazing intently into their dark, unshaven faces, and scrutinising their rough ensemble minutely to discover their nationality, if possible.

"I'm a Caledonian," replied Ferguson, to his companions' utter astonishment, who thought he had given the game away.

"Ugh!" grunted the Boer. "And he?" pointing to Dan Flatherty.

"He's a Celt."

"And that one?"

"He—oh, he's Cymric."

"You can all enter," returned the Boer more complacently, tucking his rifle under his arm, "but if any of you had been of that cursed English nation no shelter would you have had from me or mine this night."

Absent-minded Man's Feast.

THE celebrated French composer, Meilhac, was one of the absent-minded geniuses. He was also a man of simple tastes in the matter of food. It is related of him that, on an occasion when one of his operas was being presented, he entered, in evening dress, a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the musical event of the evening and about nothing else.

A waiter brought him a bill of fare, and Monsieur Meilhac quite abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was commotion there.

The proprietor himself arrived, and he and the chief cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient, and another for another. Meanwhile Monsieur Meilhac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table, Meilhac, looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certainly, monsieur!"

"Do you like it?"

"But—but yes, monsieur!"

"Then please take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs!"

The order was carried out, and the proprietor wondered if he had a madman to deal with.

HE: "Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

SHE (protesting): "But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

DOCTOR: "My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled; that will kill them."

PATIENT: "Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery."

BOBBIE: "Mother, were all the bad men destroyed by the Flood?"

MOTHER: "Yes, my son."

BOBBIE (who has just received a whipping from his father): "When is there going to be another Flood?"

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

NOT TO READ TILL NEXT SATURDAY.

SUNDAY, February 11th, was the fifty-third birthday of EDISON, the well-known American inventor. The Edison family is of Dutch origin, having emigrated from Amsterdam to the New World in 1737. However much disappointment the noted inventor experiences, he never worries. On one occasion, after an unsuccessful experiment, his assistant said: "Why don't you worry a little about it, Mr. Edison?" "What's the use?" was the reply; "you're worrying enough for two!" Edison is quite deaf, owing to an accident in early youth; but he is, of course, a good lip reader.

Having retired from the Governorship of Victoria, LORD BRASSEY is now on the way home in his own yacht, and he will thus have celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday (February 11th) on the breezy briny. Lord Brassey's father started life as a farmer's son, and learning land-surveying, was able in 1836 to undertake big railway contracts. Among many others, he built the Great Northern Railway, and when he died in 1870, left a fortune of £2,000,000.

A celebrated novelist in MR. GEORGE MEREDITH became seventy-two years old on Monday, the 12th. Mr. Meredith's first novel was published in 1855, and his own early struggles for bare existence were such that now, as a publisher's reader, he is very encouraging to young authors. One of his "finds" in that capacity was Miss Olive Schreiner, who submitted her "Story of an African Farm," under the name of "Ralph Iron." So struck was Mr. Meredith with the story that he invited "Mr. Iron" to come and have a cigar and a talk with him!

Monday was also the birthday of the EARL OF DUNRAVEN AND MOUNT EARL, who was born in 1841 and succeeded his father in 1871. Lord Dunraven has had an exceptionally varied career, having, as Lord Adare, acted as a DAILY TELEGRAPH special during the Abyssinian War of 1897, and also during the Franco-German War. With two different yachts called the *Valkyrie* he has twice unsuccessfully raced for the America Cup, and when in the Army he was well known as a daring steeplechaser. He once owned the Opera Comique Theatre.

SIR WILLIAM ARROL, M.P., who received his knighthood for building the Forth Bridge, completed his sixty-first year on February 13th. He is still another instance of personal success, for, as a boy, he worked in cotton mills, and then became a blacksmith's apprentice. Rather late in life, when he had managed to save £80 out of his hard-earned wages, Sir William started business for himself with one assistant and an engine, which he bought second-hand for £18. P.S.—He now employs 4,000 hands, and has acquired a fortune.

The Church dignitary of the week is CANON WILBERFORCE, of Westminster, whose fifty-ninth birthday will have occurred on Wednesday, the 14th. The Canon belongs to a celebrated ecclesiastical family, his father being the famous Bishop of Winchester, nicknamed "Soapy Sam," who was killed by being thrown from his horse in 1873. On that occasion Mr. Gladstone spent a whole day in the chamber of death, comforting the Bishop's children; and when the great statesman died, the Canon spent a night's vigil beside Mr. Gladstone's coffin.

MR. VALENTINE CAMERON PRINSEP, R.A., who also celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday on February 14th, was never intended to be an artist. His father was a leading Civil Servant in India, and he educated his son for the same career. But the wilful youth preferred art, and his first picture was exhibited in the Academy in 1862. Curiously enough, most of his work concerns India, for he accompanied the Prince of Wales on the famous tour of 1876, and was selected to paint the picture of the durbars at which the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. This canvas was presented to the Queen by the native Prince. Mrs. Prinsep was left by her father, a great shipowner, the sum of £300,000.

Not everyone knows that SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P., who celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday on February 15th, was for some time a reporter in the House of Commons, and a writer for a former MORNING HERALD, and the STANDARD. Sir Edward has himself told us that he soon came to the conclusion that the Bar was the only road for a man without money and influence to gain fame, and after a hard course of study, he was "called" in 1861. He first earned fame in the great Penge poisoning case of 1877, when the Stauntons were sentenced for life. One, it will be recalled, was released recently.

LORD KINNAIRD completed his fifty-third year on the 16th, having been born in 1847. His lordship, who is a banker by profession, can be said to be our only football peer, for he is the President of the Football Association, and only a year or two ago could be occasionally seen prancing on the sward, before an admiring crowd, in the familiar white trousers. He has chiefly played for the Old Etonians. Lord Kinnaird's father, the tenth Baron, was also an ardent sportsman, and his succession to the peerage was caused by the death of all the ninth Baron's children.

RATHER EXPENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

"ONE lady spends quite a little fortune in photography," said the knight of the camera.

"Her favourite pose is that of some Shakespearian heroine, and Lady Macbeth seems to be the pet rôle. And she looks queenly in the character, her expensive robes being specially designed and historically accurate. I should say this lady will spend £200 yearly in following her hobby."

"She brings with her a maid, and between them they fix up the scenery in a private part of my studio, permitting me to offer directions or effect a little alteration. The scenery she paints herself, and to say that it is faultlessly executed is not granting superfluous praise."

"A picture of herself as Ophelia is really luxurious—her simple white dress, flower-decked hair, with a pool in the foreground, carry out the idea to perfection. Much of the success is due to the painted background, the listlessness of face, the vacant eyes, the air of subdued despair characteristic of the luckless Ophelia. Two or three hours glide away in preparation, and at least half-a-dozen plates are used."

"Another extravagant 'sitter' likes to be photographed as the leading lady in some novel she has lately read. During the 'Trilby' craze she astonished her friends by sending copies of herself in the well-known garb, bare feet and all complete. Her private sitting-room is a veritable picture gallery of expensive photos. Here she may be seen in such characters as Josephine, Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, and others of like celebrity, while an elaborate fire-screen reveals her in lighter mood—the Lady Slavey, Yum-Yum, La Poupée, and many more familiar figures, smiling at one through the richly-carved settings. Reckoning dress and other items, she must spend a small fortune yearly in photography."

"Possessing a profile very much like that of the Prince of Wales, a wealthy gentleman faces the camera—or rather, the camera faces his profile—every time he gets a box from his tailor, which is very often. Imitating his H.R.H. in dress, the likeness is very striking; but a full-face picture dispels the resemblance completely. Not long ago he wrote out a cheque for £100 in payment for half-a-dozen panel photos, two dozen cabinets, and a large water-colour portrait executed here. The drawing, of course, is a magnificent one, occupying an eminent artist nearly three months in painting, working five hours daily without interruption."

A Roosevelt Anecdote.

EDWARD ROOSEVELT, the Governor of New York, has not always lived in the Eastern States, but has a host of friends in the great Northwest, who were as ready to admire his energetic independent personality as were the rough riders who took his commands in Cuba.

When Marquis de Mores was alive, he frequently entertained Mr. Roosevelt on his famous stock ranch at Dakota. On one occasion, several Western men—none too prepossessing in appearance—who lived upon their winnings at gaming tables in the rough mining towns further West, halted their horses at the ranch, and prepared to enjoy the proverbial hospitality of their distinguished neighbour, well-known to them.

After a substantial dinner, a game of poker was suggested; De Mores and his guest sat in. The visitors were a hard-looking lot.

One, who had figured in a dozen scrapes, was two fingers short, the result of a misunderstanding with a tenderfoot during a row in Leadville, while "Red" Jenkins had lost an eye after the lights had been blown out to cover up a shady transaction in a gambling den. The others were nearly as bad.

The game had been in progress for possibly three hours, and there was considerable money in sight when Roosevelt got up on his feet, placed his hand on the revolver in his hip pocket, and looking square at the cards which lay on the table, said:

"This is called the gentlemen's game. Some of the gentlemen around this board are strangers to me. I do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, so I will mention no names, but if the gentleman who has been cheating for the past hour tries it on again, I'll shoot out his other eye."

WOULD DELAGOA BAY HELP THE BRITISH?

This is a question about which there is a difference of opinion, but a writer who knows the country and the subject thoroughly, declares it would be useless to us, and sets forth the reasons in a special article to the

"ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS."

It appears this week (Feb. 10th), and is illustrated by a Splendid Map showing how the Boers would defend the country. It will also detail what

THE COST IN BLOOD AND MONEY

would be if we used that route. YOU should read about this. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

Have you purchased WAR PICTURES yet? If not, you have missed the finest illustrations that have ever been produced.

DEAFNESS AND DEFECTS OF HEARING.

THAT deafness is a very common ailment is a fact that needs no demonstrating. Many people are subject to it, and there are few of them but can recall the case of some relative or friend who suffers from that affliction. But it will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that statistics show that the hearing of a fifth of the population of this country is more or less defective, or, in other words, the hearing of 20 per cent. of the inhabitants is affected. Such a proportion may appear exaggerated, but its accuracy is indisputable. At the same time, it may be observed that this proportion includes not only those who are totally deaf, but also those whose sense of hearing, without being completely lost, is often insufficient, and interferes with their social intercourse.

When deafness is complete, it causes so much inconvenience that the sufferer is compelled to seek the advice of a skilled practitioner, so that he may be freed from the ailment; or, at least, obtain relief. If the deafness, without being very marked, should be attended by symptoms such as discharge from the ears, noises in the head, or accompanied by nose and throat affections, these oblige the sufferer to take professional advice.

That class of sufferers on this occasion are not particularly addressed, as they are fully warned of the complaint from which they suffer. These remarks are rather meant for those whose infirmity is at present painless, and merely annoying, and who on that account neglect their condition.

These are the deaf of the future, and if through indifference they now disregard the old maxim that "Prevention is better than cure," it will not be long before the time arrives when they will recognise the wisdom of that saying.

For deafness is rarely sudden. It is almost always progressive, imperceptible at first, then slowly becoming worse from month to month, and year to year, the slow progress of the malady being hardly perceptible, till at last the day arrives when it is no longer possible for the sufferer to attribute his difficulty of hearing to the distance from or faulty enunciation of the party addressing him. Then it is that he becomes anxious to find a remedy for his complaint.

In other cases the defect of hearing is suddenly rendered worse by cold, chills, cold in the head, affection of the throat, or some other illness, especially fever.

It is after an attack of scarlatina, measles, smallpox, mumps, typhoid fever, etc., when the patient enters on convalescence, that he is often found to be suffering from deafness or discharge from the ears.

Again, following an attack of rheumatism or gout, the patient often finds that the defect in hearing has suddenly become worse, to the extent of complete deafness.

Only then is attention given to the ailment. The sufferer will then consult specialist and specialist, will go from one hospital to another, will try every kind of treatment, and suffer for months before being cured. Perhaps, indeed, he may remain deaf for life if complications of such gravity have arisen as to induce an incurable state.

It is, therefore, chiefly to the partially deaf, or to those whose hearing for the time may be termed dull, but who may become stone-deaf to-morrow, that the present warning is addressed.

A simple cold is sufficient to produce such a change in their condition. The wisdom of immediate attention to their state is the more evident from the fact that in many cases partial deafness is as difficult to cure as total deafness.

This statement seems at first inconsistent, and will certainly appear so to many who are unaware that deafness in itself is not an ailment, but the symptom of an ear affection, just as a cough is not a disease, but the symptom of disease of the breathing passages. Now the cough may be severe, and yet only the consequence of a simple cold, curable in a few days, while it may be but slight in the case of a consumptive person whose days are numbered. In the same way marked deafness may be caused by obstruction of the Eustachian tubes, or by catarrh of the middle ear, which ailments will be quickly cured, while deafness to a less degree may be due to the commencement of thickening of the tympanic membrane, necessitating much longer treatment.

It is of little avail to tell a person his case is serious, and ought to be attended to, if, at the same time, one cannot offer a remedy to cure it, and it would be little less than cruelty to extend such remarks to a sufferer who has tried everything in vain, or at least thinks he has, without being able to prove that all hope is not yet lost. Those suffering from partial deafness who have not yet become concerned as to their condition, as well as those who, more seriously affected, have already tried various treatments without success, are recommended the perusal of a scientific publication entitled the "Newspaper for the Deaf," which while it cannot fail to interest them, as it deals exclusively with maladies affecting the ear, nose, and throat, will give them full information as to the means of obtaining a cure.

It also clearly explains the reason of the superiority of the Drouet mode of treatment over the other systems employed in hospitals, and by specialists—systems differing but little from those used at the beginning of the present century. For it is, indeed, incomprehensible that while the close of the nineteenth century is characterised by a tendency to specialise everything, when the surgical art has made such wonderful progress, the treatment of ear diseases, which is in the particular province of the surgeon, has remained the same as it was three-quarters of a century ago. In those days, as now, practitioners

used the catheter, inflations of air or vapour into the ear, injections, etc., and considered ear complaints as otherwise incurable.

The perusal of the NEWSPAPER FOR THE DEAF will satisfy sufferers in the most convincing manner of the value of the Drouet system of treatment by the detailed particulars of countless cures effected in seemingly hopeless cases. Many of the cases detailed in that paper represent, in fact, the very worst forms of aural complaints, cases where various kinds of treatment had been already unsuccessfully tried by sufferers who had been afflicted with deafness of ten or twenty years' standing. And these results are the best proof of the efficacy of the Drouet treatment.

The Drouet Institute is so convinced of this that an autograph room has been opened at that establishment, 72 Regent's Park Road, N.W. There may be seen many hundreds of letters from former patients, giving account of the remarkable results they have obtained, and the visitor will be able to satisfy himself of their authenticity.

Among the letters may be seen those from which some extracts are given below.

It would be impossible to describe here all the forms of ear diseases known to the aurist, but a few remarks as to some of the most common will doubtless be of interest to many.

Some of the following cases have been selected from the most hopeless of those recently submitted to the Drouet Institute. Bearing in mind that in every one of them a complete and radical cure has been effected, the conclusions arrived at from these facts, render it quite unnecessary to comment further upon them.

Miss A. Sharp (26), of King's Mead, Windsor Forest, Berks, had suffered for many years from total deafness, accompanied by continuous intolerable noises in the head. The complaint proved to be of an exceptionally serious form, being caused by the adhesion of the ossicles, which is one of the worst diseases which can affect the ear, and, besides, complicated by nasopharyngeal catarrh. The deafness was such that the patient could only hear the ticking of a watch when it was held close to the ear. In her report from Miss Sharp said: "I went to Southampton Ear Hospital for two months. I had medicines, oil to drop in the ears, and had them syringed through the nose, but did not get any better. Then I went to Reading Hospital a year ago, but was discharged as incurable, and was told that the bones of the ear were shrunken, had oil there, etc." Miss Sharp then applied to the Drouet Institute. Commencing its treatment on the 20th of August last, she found her progress so rapid that on the 18th of September, exactly 29 days afterwards, she reported herself as quite cured. The following extract is from her letter of the 24th of September: "In reply to your letter, I write to say that I certainly permit you to place my letter in the Hall of Autographs, and I am also quite willing that you should add my name to the list of those who, like me, have found relief from your treatment."

Attention should be particularly directed to the serious dangers that may accrue to those whose ears discharge. When that complaint is neglected, as is unfortunately often the case, the worst complications are to be feared. First, the tympanic membrane is progressively eaten away, ending by completely disappearing; then the ossicles become affected and grow carious, and the destruction of the entire organ, slowly but surely, takes place, the final result being often fatal. Many life insurance companies decline to insure those who suffer from discharge from the ears, while the others impose special conditions in such cases.

The following is an example of a complete cure obtained by a patient who had for long suffered from this grave complaint, and it also again proves that, contrary to popular belief, perforation of the tympanic membrane is not necessarily incurable. Miss J. Collin, of 47 St. Ann's Hill Road, Cranmer Street, Nottingham, had been affected with a discharge from the ear for a period of fifteen years. The tympanic membrane was perforated, and total deafness was experienced, accompanied by noises in the head. The ear complaint was also complicated by a chronic affection of the nose of a particularly grave type, known as ozæna, while the patient was anæmic and of rheumatic condition. On two occasions this lady had been seen by specialists, who informed her that the tympanic membrane was perforated, and that a cure was unlikely. Nasal douches were prescribed with sundry medicines, which had no appreciable effect. After having followed their treatment for six months with no result, Miss Collin applied to the Drouet Institute. The treatment prescribed by the Drouet Institute was undertaken at the beginning of March of the present year, and by the month of May a complete and radical cure was obtained. The case was exceptionally grave, and the treatment exceptionally long, but the cure proved a radical one, as may be judged from the following letter:

"September 20, 1890.
"I now, after using your treatment, and having waited four months to see the after-effects, have great pleasure to add my testimonial. I am perfectly cured, can hear quite well, and, may add, am much improved in my general health. I only regret I had not heard of your Institute sooner. You would have saved me years of suffering. I shall be very pleased to have my letter published in the 'Newspaper for the Deaf.' On reading some of the testimonials, I find that all mention how long they were in being cured of their complaints. Please add to my letter, 'Perfectly cured after three months' treatment.'"
"(Signed) J. COLLIN."

Reference may now be made to the under-mentioned cures, effected in cases of chronic catarrh of the middle ear, a complaint which is almost always preceded by an affection of the nose and throat. This is the most common form of complaint affecting the hearing, and is almost always insusceptible of cure by inhalation of air or vapours, which is the usual treatment in such cases.

"Oldbury, Birmingham, October 3, 1890.
"I am pleased to say, after taking your treatment and following your advice, I have found it a great benefit to my ears. I have no buzzing noise now or nasty dizzy feeling. I can hear quite clear now, and I thank you most heartily for the good you have done me."
"H. PLEVEY."

The cure in the above case was effected in nineteen days.

"142 Beresford Road, Toxteth Park, Liverpool,
"September 25, 1890.
"You will be very glad to hear my throat is so much better that every one notices how different my speech is. The tonsils are considerably smaller. My hearing has improved wonderfully."
"M. C. ROBINSON."

"October 8, 1890.
"In answer to your letter, I shall be very pleased to let you know that, for such a small amount of money, and to receive such a benefit in so short a time from your treatment, I consider it my duty to allow you to use my testimonials as you wish."
"M. C. ROBINSON."

In this case the cure was obtained in three weeks.

"Leamington, September 5, 1890.
"You are quite welcome to give my name and address to any patient, but I do not wish it published."

The case referred to in the above extract was treated two years ago, in 1897, when a cure was effected in three weeks' time. The affection was of five years' standing, and was greatly complicated by the rheumatic condition of the patient. The letter, from which the foregoing extract is taken, was written two years after the cure was effected, thus showing that the results then obtained were of a lasting character."

"Swona, June 28, 1890.
"I return my heartfelt thanks for the great benefit your treatment has done me. I believe my ear perfectly cured. I will gladly recommend any of my friends who are afflicted in the same way to your Institute."
"JEMIMA CROMARTY."

This patient, who is twenty years old, had been affected for twelve years.

"West Finchley, June 13, 1890.
"You may publish my case in the newspaper for the deaf, as it will help others to get cured, especially those who are afflicted as I have been. Thanking you for the great service you have rendered me."
"S. DYE."

Miss S. Dye, twenty-eight years old, had been deaf for many years, and, besides, suffered from chronic pharyngitis. The cure was effected in one month.

"43, Portland Road, Hove, May 27, 1890.
"Am thankful to write my hearing has quite returned, and am rejoiced at it."

"It has been a quick and wonderful cure. You can insert in your papers this letter."
"SUSANNAH BOYS."

In this case the cure was, indeed, extraordinarily rapid, it having been effected in exactly twelve days.

Nose and throat affections, as is stated above, are frequently causes of deafness, and as a matter of course are also treated by the Drouet Institute. From the numerous cases mentioned in the "Newspaper for the Deaf" one is given here. It refers to a very common affection of the nose, known as ozæna, which is a chronic affection of the nasal fossæ, characterised by extreme fetor of the breath. This complaint, so painful for those affected by it, has for long been regarded as incurable, but can now be quickly cured. In the under-noted case the disease was complicated by chronic pharyngeal catarrh. The patient intimated a complete cure in the following words:

"The original of this unsolicited testimonial can be seen.
"I am happy to say that your treatment has been highly successful. The discharge from the nose has entirely disappeared, and the throat is also perfectly well. I may safely say that you may consider my case a complete cure.—Thanking you, etc."

To prevent misunderstanding it should be stated that the Drouet Institute does not profess to cure all cases submitted. It is unfortunately too true that in some cases the complaint is incurable, generally owing to anatomical changes that have taken place in the structure of the organs of hearing. But the Drouet Institute always informs those who apply as to the degree of curability of their affection, and never prescribes treatment in cases actually incurable. Those who suffer from any affection of the hearing, or ailment of the throat or nose, need therefore have no hesitation in submitting their cases to the Institute. Whatever the serious nature of the case may be, or of whatever long-standing, and through previous treatment has been unsuccessful, all hope is not lost, for the Drouet system of treatment is essentially different from all others, and in cases where other systems have failed, it has almost always been successful, thus repeatedly effecting the seeming miracle of curing patients who had been on several occasions pronounced hopelessly incurable.

The "Newspaper for the Deaf" is forwarded free of charge to all who apply for it to the MANAGER of the DROUET INSTITUTE, 72 Regent's Park Road, N.W. Free consultations are given by correspondence, by means of a special report form, to those unable to leave home. The consultation-room is open every day, except Sunday, from two till four. A charge is made for personal consultations given at the Institute. Special personal consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. The autograph-room is open for inspection from nine till five, the DROUET INSTITUTE being particularly desirous of proving that all the remarkable cures it has been so successful in effecting are absolutely authentic.

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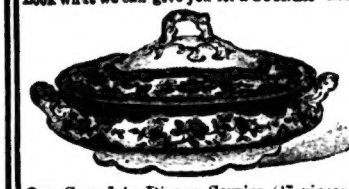
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